

EDINBURGH K

95 C15

FUGITIVE

PIECES.

*The Muse's labour then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her laugh, and Vice her frown.*



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P R E F A C E.

THERE has hitherto been no asylum for Fugitive Pieces, or Occasional Essays, in Scotland, although many such have been made in England. It is thought that a Collection might be furnished from this country, which would prove both entertaining and useful; and the Editor, impressed with this idea, has ventured to give the plan a beginning. The periodical publications give a transient existence to many papers that often deserve a better fate; and a collection of the present nature, while it preserves, in part, a view of the manners, opinions, and taste of the times as they rise, may also serve to encourage many to write occasional papers, who are either too indolent or unambitious to appear formally as authors.

The Editor, by this collection, means to preserve such productions, either in prose or verse, as may occasionally appear and deserve
notice,

notice, and which do not belong to any other regular collection; and, if it meets with encouragement, it will be continued from time to time by additional volumes.

He only begins a few years back, from the year 1782, with such fugitive pieces as he has had occasion to see published; but will gladly receive the contributions of those who possess original papers or poems of a moderate length, that have not been printed.

Explanatory Notes and Observations will be given, where necessary, as far as the Editor knows, or could obtain information; and the collection will embrace every variety of subject, of Scottish production, whether serious or humorous, poetical or prose, if of a delicate nature, and useful tendency.

The letters E. C. mean Edinburgh Courant; C. M. Caledonian Mercury; E. G. Edinburgh Gazette.—In these papers most of the pieces contained in this volume originally appeared; and many of them were afterwards copied into various periodical publications in Britain and Ireland.

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The Reader is requested to correct the following *Errata*
with his pen.

Page 47. paragraph 8. for The Academy for instructing
Dumb, read, instructing *the* dumb.

53. In the fifth line from the top—for January 1782,
read, January 1783.

75. In the tenth line from the top—for 1782, read,
1781.

98. Letter II. line 9. for *the of*, read *of the*.

168. The paper beginning near the bottom of the
page—for the date, March 22. 1734, read,
March 22. 1784.

N. B. In the Letters beginning page 63. and ending 93.
stating a comparative view of Edinburgh in 1763 and 1783,
several amendments, alterations, and additions have taken place
since they were printed for this Collection four years ago. The
subject, indeed, in the nature of things, must be perpetually
changing, and the year 1793 may perhaps afford another cu-
rious contrast to the other two periods. The same may be said
with respect to the Letter in page 107. stating a comparative
view of the British nation in 1763 and 1783.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

IN the month of March 1782, the Ministry, who had long held the reins of Government, were forced to give up the direction of state affairs to a powerful Opposition. Want of success, in such a constitution as the British, will always occasion discontents, and a change of *men* will be held as the best means of insuring more fortunate *measures*.

LORD NORTH, who was appointed Prime Minister in February 1770, and had stood the storm of Opposition for twelve years, was forced to retire from his station, thanking the House of Commons for the honourable support they had given him during so long a period, and in so many trying situations. He expressed his grateful sense of their partiality and forbearance on many occasions. A successor (he said) of greater abilities, of better judgment, and more qualified for his situation, was easy to be found;—a successor more zealously attached to the interests of his country, more anxious to promote them—

them—more loyal to his Sovereign, and more desirous of preserving the constitution whole and entire, he might be allowed to say, could not so easily be found.

ON the 30th of March, the Marquis of Rockingham was appointed First Lord of the Treasury—the Earl of Shelburne and Mr Charles Fox Secretaries of State—Admiral Keppel First Lord of the Admiralty—the Duke of Richmond Master of the Ordnance—Mr Burke Paymaster of the Forces—Colonel Barré Treasurer of the Navy, &c. &c.

THE first business in which the new Ministry engaged was taking measures for making peace with America, and opening negotiations for peace with France and Holland. Admiral Rodney was recalled, who had recently obtained the most glorious victory over the French that the history of Britain records, and Admiral Pigot sent to take the command of the victorious fleet. Mr Burke brought in a bill for the retrenchment of the Civil List expenditure, and a system of public œconomy, by which the Board of Police in Scotland was abolished, and its revenue (as publicly affirmed) was divided in pensions to Mr Burke and Mr Barré.

THE friends of the new Ministry poured in congratulatory addresses to the Throne on the change of *men* and *measures*. Every Gazette teemed with addresses from all quarters. The contagion seemed
universal

universal in the south part of the island, and in a short time reached the north, like the Influenza, which accompanied it. The first loyal address (and it was the last) from Scotland on the subject, proceeded from the county nearest to England. The example was strenuously urged in Edinburgh by the friends of the new Ministry, and a meeting called by public advertisement for the purpose; and, had it carried, would probably have been followed by the counties and boroughs throughout Scotland.

To prevent the effects of precipitate clamour and party animosities, the following advertisement was inserted in the Edinburgh news-papers, which proved effectual in stopping the address (which was written by the late ingenious Mr Crosbie), and there were no others proposed, either from England or Scotland, after the publication.

Meeting of Respectable Citizens.

Edinburgh, June 17, 1782.

“ IN consequence of repeated advertisements and hand-bills, setting forth, “ That it would be proper
“ for the inhabitants of this city to present an ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY, on the late change
“ of MEN and MEASURES,” a number of respectable Citizens, FRIENDS TO THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS RIGHTS OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION, met, to consider of the propriety

FUGITIVE PIECES.

ty of making such an address at this time, when, after due deliberation, they came to the following resolutions :

“ RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

“ I. That it is the opinion of this meeting, That an Address on the late Change of MEN and MEASURES should be delayed *till they are better known* ; as experience has frequently rendered precipitate addresses ridiculous.

“ II. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the Peace with Holland and America, the promises of which contributed so much to the CHANGE OF MEN, ARE MEASURES yet unaccomplished, and have been more unpromising since the late Change than at any other period, till the recent successes in the East and West Indies.

“ III. That it is the opinion of this meeting, That the late success of his Majesty's arms belongs to the appointments and the measures of the LATE Administration.

“ IV. That it is the opinion of this meeting, That the recal of the gallant and successful Admiral Rodney, in the hour of victory and pursuit, is none of the MEASURES, produced by the *change* of MEN, for which an Address should be presented to his Majesty *

“ V. That

* The first act of the new Ministry was to recal Admiral Rodney, immediately after his defeating the French fleet in the West Indies on the 12th of April.

“ V. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the personal interference of a Minister, in matters of election, does not correspond with that freedom and independence of Parliament so warmly contended for, or that purity of conduct the nation was led to expect upon a *change* of MEN; and is therefore none of the MEASURES for which a Loyal Address should now be presented *.

“ VI. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the distinction made between the Englishman, or Elector, and the Minister, interfering in an election, though one and the same person, is neither sound logic nor sound morality; and were such system to be the rule of action, judges might dispense villainy for justice, and all moral distinctions would be at an end. Therefore, that such principles in Ministers should be none of the reasons for presenting an Address on the *change* of MEN.

“ VII. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the rejection of the Scots Militia Bill is no proof that this country has obtained liberal-minded friends by the *change* of MEN; but that the terms on which they proposed the bill should pass were highly unjust, and would have been violently oppressive. Therefore, that such an affront to the country

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should

* This alludes to Mr Fox's speeches in Parliament, and his personal attendance on the Hustings, at Covent Garden, at the election, and his explanation afterwards of his conduct, in the House of Commons, when he said, that he had attended as an *Englishman*, not as the *Minister*.

should be none of those MEASURES for which an Address should at this time be presented.

“ VIII. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the only MEASURE that can yet be made the foundation of an Address since the *change* of MEN is, the Reduction of his Majesty's Civil List; and as his Majesty, in all probability, has not yet thought proper to thank his servants for this piece of attention to œconomy, it cannot, with any propriety, be made the foundation of a Loyal Address that would be graciously received.

“ IX. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that, concerning the great plan of public œconomy, much has been promised, and very little performed, and that even the famous Retrenching Bill has been wonderfully retrenched since the late *change* of MEN. That the Board of Police in Scotland has been abolished, although places of less utility have been preserved in England *. Therefore that this country has no good reason to address the Throne at present, upon account of the *change* of MEN, or their MEASURES.

“ X. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the proposed Loyal Address would be premature, and,

* The Board of Police was abolished, and an equivalent sum given as a pension to Colonel Barré, whose eloquence had been chiefly exerted against pensions—crying up œconomy, and reduction of the Civil List.

and, as it might have the appearance of insult to Majesty, it ought to be suppressed.

“ XI. That it is the opinion of this meeting, that every measure that shall tend to preserve the RIGHTS of our VALUABLE CONSTITUTION, or that shall be conducive to the HONOUR, the DIGNITY, or the PROSPERITY of the nation, deserves the approbation and support of every good citizen; and that every member of the state should be jealous of INNOVATIONS, cautious of being misled by PARTY, and careful not to become the tool of FACTION.”

THESE Resolutions created much speculation; and it was not generally known that there had been no such meeting of Citizens, till many months after the publication. They were the subject of much controversy in the London Papers, and, coinciding with the general sense of the nation, put a stop to the progress of the loyal addresses. The Public Advertiser of London took notice of them in the following terms.—

“ The Resolutions of the Citizens of Edinburgh appear to possess every mark of spirit and cool determination requisite to be faithfully followed and adhered to in the present situation of affairs. The

intrepid sentiments of independency which run through the whole, and the greatness of soul which is exhibited in every part of them, communicate to the understanding and impress the mind with a very favourable and advantageous idea of the dispassionate wisdom of that meeting. This is the true manner of proceeding, and it is sincerely to be wished it was adopted all over Scotland. The Resolutions alluded to do not *taste* of, nor bear any *resemblance* to, that species of servile cringing, and unbecoming actions, which many of the Scots Representatives practise so much at Court, to the infinite dishonour of their country."

THESE Resolutions were followed by the following supposed debate upon the subject, which was then much agitated.

D E B A T E

O N T H E

LOYAL ADDRESS *on the Change of MEN and MEASURES, and LORD SHELBURNE's Plan of putting ARMS into the hands of the People of SCOTLAND.*

THERE is a club of us who meet three times a week to listen to the best reader of the newspaper who happens to be present. We perceived by a late paper, that the famous *Loyal Address* for what it is *supposed* his Majesty's new Ministers will do, is travelling

velling about in great distress for names, and that it has received a respite of ten days, in hopes of finding some friends. Our club happening to sit later last night than usual, fell upon the subject, and many of our members, fired with the love of liquor and their country, were led to take up the consideration of the propriety of such an address at this time, which brought on a very warm debate.

TOM BUCKSKIN, the breeches-maker, was the first who spoke. He insisted there could be no such Address really intended; for he had traced it from lying under a crucible in the Parliament-square, through all its stages, to the place of its present lodgment with an obscure printer.—What, said he, with great vehemence (for he is a violent and a vulgar man), could an address really intended for a King be treated with such indignity, unless the royal water-closet wanted a supply, and people knew not how to make a present of waste paper, without the awkward form of an address. Besides, Sir, in one of our late papers, we were told, from the best authority, as was said, that a Peer of the realm had signed this address; yet, in the succeeding paper, we were assured, that this information was a scandalous falsehood. Are these, Mr Preses, the proceedings of gentlemen, acting for the good of their country? Sir, I say, it must be some vile imposition, and it is a shame to this metropolis to allow it to be supposed to be real.

SAM.

SAM. BARK, who is one of the richest men amongst us, next rose. He spoke fluently,—for he can multiply words amazingly. He went over the whole political ground for many years past.

HE said, if we had peace with America, although we should thereby lose half of the empire, and had incurred many millions of expence in her protection and defence, yet we would have raw hides much cheaper, and could supply the markets with leather in greater quantities, and at lower rates, than in our present cursed ruinous situation. He hoped much from the change of men and measures, and therefore wished well to the address. He said it was a real address; for though he had not signed the address himself, yet two fine boys of his acquaintance, who were learning round text with Mr Mouldwarp, had signed it; and he advised the whole club, who could write, to follow their example*.

HE was followed by ALPIN M'ALPIN, lately arrived from the heights of Argyleshire, and settled in the neighbourhood as a small grocer. This speaker, not being much master of the English language, and the club as little masters of the Gaelic, it is difficult to give an account of what he said. He seemed,

* It was said, that many school-boys had signed the address, to make a show of names.

ed, however, to be in a violent passion at the American war; for he had lost two second cousins, *bra' fallows*, by it, who had never been mentioned in the London Gazette; and the late Ministry had never thought proper to make him a Commissioner.—He hoped better things from the new ones, and he would sign the address; though it was his opinion, that it should have been written in Gaelic.

THE next that followed was WILL BARM, the brewer, a very great politician indeed! He went to the very root of the matter. He asserted roundly, that the last Ministers were all a pack of *clay-heads*! He spoke of the Roman history,—contrasted the battles of Cannæ and Actium with that of Bunker's Hill and Rodney's late *trifling* advantage. He proceeded to prove, that America, although a part of the British empire, and protected at the expence of the Mother Country, and under the same just and equal laws, had no obligation to contribute any part towards the exigencies of Government, when she had arms in her hands, and a power to resist. He insisted, that the recent example of Ireland corroborated his argument, and, therefore, that the late Ministers, who had presumed to preserve the empire entire under the same laws, for the good of the whole, were *short-sighted, wicked, profligate, abandoned, blundering blockheads*. He then proceeded to show how matters *should be* conducted, and that, if he had the management, nothing

thing could possibly go wrong. He here took the command of the Grand Fleet, and, before he had brought it back to Spithead, he had burnt Paris, taken his Most Christian Majesty prisoner at Versailles, and sent that *great* and *good* ally in a present to his friends, the worthy Congress.—He had made Holland a pool of water, and banished the Spaniards to Africa. He then allotted the mines of Potosi to pay the national debt; and concluded with taking the tax off malt and strong beer.

HERE the Preses reminded the club, that they too much resembled the House of Commons, by wandering from the subject, taking narrow partial views, and drawing the attention of the meeting to trivial extraneous circumstances, of no importance to the object of the debate. It was not proper, he said, for gentlemen to be considering their own little matters or connections, when the great business of the nation was the subject of their consideration. Although such liberties were allowed in the House of Commons, they should not be permitted here, while he had the honour of sitting in the Chair. He desired gentlemen to keep strictly to the subject in debate.

THE next who rose was TOM TOUCH-HOLE, the gunsmith, a blunderbuss of a fellow as ever lived. He said he would speak strictly to the question of the address; but, first, says he, Mr Preses, What
is

is become of Lord Shelburne's arming plan*? The last speaker, Sir, in my opinion, has clearly proved, from the instances of America and Ireland, that no country, when possessed of arms, and the knowledge of using them, should be under an obligation to obey any Government but what they please. This, Sir, is the glorious liberty of the subject. Sir, I insist upon it, that, were the people of Scotland armed, affairs in this kingdom would have a very different aspect, and many manufactures, which are now at a low ebb (such as my own), would be greatly encouraged, and, consequently, much good would accrue to the country. The measure, Sir, is a popular one, and will meet with the approbation of thousands. When tenants, Sir, cannot pay their rents, and are threatened to be distressed by their landlords, they will present their firelocks, and tell them, they have no right to demand money from people who have arms in their hands. Are not the new Ministers, who are the stewards of the nation, granting every thing demanded by America and Ireland for this very reason? Sir, you may talk of law and justice as long as you please; but I maintain, that a gun and bayonet is the most convincing of all arguments.

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WHEN

* In the Edinburgh Evening Courant, June 10. 1782, the plan for arming the people is given at full length by the Sheriff of the county.—The principal towns were to furnish a certain number of companies—arms and ammunition were to be furnished by Government—magazines for arms and ammunition were to be erected in every town and village, &c.

WHEN the people are armed, Sir, show me the boldest patron in Scotland that will venture to give a presentation that is not agreeable to the mob. The Ministers of the Gospel, Sir, will then become Commanding Officers, and, instead of *peace*, they will bring us a *sword*; and in whose hands can the rights and morals of the people be so properly placed? Then, Sir, the Eighty-five Societies in Glasgow, and the Protestant Association, may cut the throats of all the poor Papists with impunity, in retaliation for St Bartholomew's day, that *righteousness* may *run down the streets as a stream*, and *judgment as a mighty river*, as the Clergy themselves often tell us.—Here he was called to order; but TOUCH-HOLE declared he would not be interrupted, and insisted on his privilege.—He proceeded—Will the people then pay any taxes but what they please? I believe not; witness America and Ireland! Will the Lord Provost and Magistrates, with their white wands, be able to command the populace? Sir, let me tell you, that white wands and velvet coats are poor defences against guns and bayonets. This country will then be as free and independent as either America or Ireland; and the Ministers who grant all we ask, because they cannot refuse, will become as popular in Scotland, as the present Ministry are with the Advocates for the Rebels and the Irish. I must own, Sir, that the last Ministry were for preserving the empire entire, and for diffusing good laws among an united and a happy people. But are not the present much better,

ter, who, by a glorious opposition, drove out these unsuccessful men, and who now will allow the empire to be broken into as many independencies as there are parishes; nay, who will permit every man to be independent, rather than lose their popularity or their places? I say, Sir, that this independency of the individual is the right of every free-born subject—No! not *subject*, Mr Preses, that is not the word, for that implies dependence; but every man who can carry a musket, I meant to say; for which no word that I know of answers but *soldier*, and yet that is not the thing. However, for these weighty reasons, I vote for the address.

WHEN TOUCH-HOLE the gunsmith had ended, SQUIRE BALDERDASH rose, and begged permission to speak, though he was there but as a visitor. The Preses informed him, that liberty and decorum were the principles of his government, and he might proceed. He then set out, in a singularly uncouth tone of voice, and went into many strange vagaries. He took a very wide view of the question. He went back to *Magna Charta*, then spoke much of the *Kirk* and the *Constitution*, the *Bill of Rights*, the *Omnipotence of the People*, and the *impotence and insignificance* of Majesty. He said, it was the glorious and undoubted right of the people to address or petition the throne upon all occasions—even of a chimney-sweeper, if he judged the measures of Government ill-conducted. People, says he, are struck with a sort of awe at the name of King! Let me

endeavour to remove that slavish feeling. Pray, Gentlemen, What is a King? Why, he is no more than a Chief Magistrate, like the Provost of a borough, or rather the Deacon of an incorporation. It is the voice of the people that elects the King, as well as them. He holds the throne, Gentlemen, by your consent; and, believe me, every one of you is greater than a KING.—At this many of the members bridled up, and stared at each other with *magnificent surprise*. This gave ardour to the speaker.—Yes, says he, Gentlemen, I repeat it; every man present is greater than a King, if you knew and felt your own dignity.

THE *electors*, Gentlemen, must, in the nature of things, be superior to the *electeds*; for they bestow the favour. The *electeds* then is only the humble servant of the *electors*. I speak upon the solid principles of the constitution, Gentlemen. Now, pray what is the King?—The King is but the servant of the people; and, instead of being the Sovereign of a free state, you plainly see that he is the lowest in the scale of political importance. Keep in mind the ancient precept γνῶθι σεαυτον. Know yourselves, Gentlemen, and act up to your high dignity. Let not MAJESTY be a bugbear to you. Analyse it, and judge for yourselves. Strip MAJESTY of its externals, and it remains but A JEST. The very etymology of the word proves this incontestably to you, Gentlemen. In the early periods of civil society, the word was agreed upon, in order to keep upon
the

the minds of the people this great and important truth. You may, perhaps, Gentlemen, from the long increasing influence of the Crown, have lost the true meaning of MAJESTY. Let me lead you to it in an easy manner. I beg of you, Gentlemen, observe attentively the word MAJESTY—then strip it of its externals, the letters M and Y, and what remains?—I see, by your smiling countenances, that you have it already, *a jest*, a mere jest. Now suppose, Gentlemen, the throne was abdicated, as we know has been the case, would it not be supplied by the voice and consent of the people? Power must be lodged somewhere, for the regulation of civil society. Some must command, and some must obey—or society would be a hell upon earth. But let this power be any where but in the King or his Council.—Gentlemen, the late change of men has been a glorious change for Britain: They saw that the influence of the Crown was increasing, and and ought to be diminished; and have they not been industrious to bring it as low as possible? Nay, they have even told you, that it was his Majesty's own desire! and we cannot disbelieve them. Allow them to go on a little longer, Gentlemen, and they will render that branch of the constitution what it ought to be, that is to say, *nothing at all*; and you will find his Majesty, through his Ministers, even approving of the measure; for he is a wonderful good King from what he was, when the present Ministers were in Opposition.—Be unanimous then, Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, in signing this loyal address to his Majesty, and the new Ministry will bless you.

HERE TOM BUCKSKIN was seen to turn up his eyes, and cock his shoulder, muttering, "Such d—d stuff. The Squire contradicts himself."

MR ELLWAND next rose.—He approved of the sentiments of the last speaker exceedingly, as usual; for they were true Whig principles, and the reasoning was unanswerable. He then got suddenly into a passion about the words *Whig* and *Tory*, neither of which he seemed distinctly to understand. He was delighted with the etymology of Majesty. It was convincing to him. But, in short, he possessed too much passion, and too few ideas, to enable him to speak so as to be understood.—He was violent for the present Ministry, and for signing the address; but for what reasons could not be discovered,

THE next who rose was BILLY BUTTON the tailor, who had been sitting with stupid attention, and gaping amazement, during the debate, and now begged leave, in his soft way, to speak a few words. He was humbly of opinion, that his brother BUCKSKIN had been too violent against the address, and he would convince him of it.

AT this BUCKSKIN drawing his pipe from his cheek, and prolonging his whiff, gave him a stare of astonishment and contempt, that seemed to freeze
poor

poor BUTTON's blood. He went on however to say, that he was well assured that it was a real address, for that Becky that morning in bed had advised him to sign it, for who knows, says she, but you may be made King's tailor. Your name will be read by the King, and his Majesty will naturally ask his Minister, Who is Mr Button? and this, you know, may have very happy effects. Be sure, says she, my dear, to write your name as large as possible, to strike the eye. Besides, says she, as there have been hardly a hundred out of eighty thousand inhabitants found who have signed the address, and of these hundred very few whom any body knows, you have the better chance, you know, my dear, of being taken notice of.—I'll tell you a secret, says she, —you know my name is *Tod*.—How long is it since King Charles the Second was in this country? —I don't know, says I.—Well, says she, I am a cousin to Mr Secretary Fox, and it cannot be above five and twenty times removed.—My dear wife, says I, be assured I'll sign the address, cost what it will. —Now, Mr Preses, my brother Buckskin, poor man, loses his chance by his violence. I wish him well as an honest man; but he stands in his own light, especially as I am assured that there has not yet been an appointment of *breeches-maker to her Majesty*, although those of the Princess Amelia and the Maids of Honour have been filled up.

MR BUCKSKIN now rose; and, being a rough spoken man, with all his good sense, with great indignation,

dignation, said Button was a pitiful sneaking fellow. He said he would sign no address upon such an occasion, even if it was real. That no wife should wheedle him out of his common sense. He could live by his business, he said, and he did not care for the smile or the frown of any Minister, either of the *state* or of the *gospel*. He said that he differed in opinion from all the speakers, but most from the Squire, who had spoken contradictory nonsense with the appearance of being very wise. He agreed with Touch-hole in the consequences that would follow on arming the people, but he differed from him in the conclusion he drew; for he thought he had given the very best reasons why the people should not be armed. As to the address, he had heard no reason whatever why it should be sent. He said that he had always been of the mind, that America had behaved with ingratitude, insolence, and disrespect to the mother country. That France, Spain, and Holland had truckled like treacherous, knavish, lying scoundrels; and that Ireland had acted ungenerously (not to say worse) in taking the hour of distress to demand more than the portion of her mother's goods. That Scotland had alone remained dutiful, attached, and loyal, though she had been ill used; and yet he hoped she would remain steady to the constitutional rights of the state. He said that America and Ireland, by their resistance, had, or would have, an independent free trade, and, having no taxes, in time would undersell Britain in every article of commerce.

WITH

WITH regard to Ministers, he was of opinion, that Lord North was an honest indolent Minister, and, had he met with support and unanimity, might have been more successful. He was of opinion, that much of the distress of Britain was owing to the very men it was now proposed to thank. But thanks, says he, for what, Mr Preses? Let them do something worthy of thanks. Did not the House of Commons, in compliance with a fit of popular frenzy, vote thanks to Admiral Keppel for a victory he had never gained? Do not the nation now laugh at the vote, and do not the House of Commons also now laugh at themselves for having passed it? One man alone had the good sense and firmness to oppose it. Honest John Strut! here's his health. Sir, if you will have an address, on the change of men and measures, draw out a new one; for the First Minister of State, a very good man, I believe, has undergone a considerable change since this address was written*. Sir, I will sign no address on a change of men, till I know them better; for, *I'll shake no man by the hand, and call him friend, till I know of what stuff he is made.*

HERE COLLOP the butcher, and PETER PIPE-STAPLE the tobacconist, and a multitude of others, called out *Bravo! Bravo!—A Vote! a Vote!—Address! or No Address!—*MR BARK, MR BARM,

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and

* Accounts of the Marquis of Rockingham's death had actually arrived when the promoters of the Loyal Address were met for signing it.

and their friends, seeing the complexion of the House, retired. BUTTON was heard to whisper, in going out, *Address*. When the door was shut, MOULDEWARP'S nose was seen through the key-hole. TOM TOUCH-HOLE, however, remained vociferating—"Give me the commission for the
 "muskets, and, blast me with gunpowder, if I
 "care, whether they are used against the old or
 "the new Ministry."

The question was now put, when it carried unanimously, *No Address*.

TOUCH-HOLE begged leave to be *non liquet*.

THUS have I given an account of the debates in the free and easy club, and am, &c.

BOB SQUINTUM.

JULY 6. 1782.

E. C.

[THE proneness which people have for cheap bargains is often made the occasion of great impositions. The difference of price is in general only attended to, and other circumstances left out of view. Itinerant auctioneers and advertisers of cheap wares are thus often resorted to, and the fair trader, who gives credit,
 deserted

deserted and shunned. The following ridicule upon quackery in various lines of business appeared in the Edinburgh Gazette.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

A PERSON of *Real Character* (abhorring deception), having observed the avidity with which every species of goods is bought by the Good People of Scotland, provided they have the SELLER's assertion that they are cheaper than the best, has laid himself out to supply them more honourably than they have hitherto been by many advertising *QUACKS*. He begs leave to inform the Public, that there will soon be opened

AN UNIVERSAL WAREHOUSE

FOR ALL SORTS OF GOODS,

Which will be sold much below the Manufacturers

Prices, and discount allowed for ready money.

Among a Variety of Articles, too tedious to mention, the following may be depended on; and such Fashionable Articles as may occasionally appear will always be early added.

I. BEST SUPERFINE CLOTHS OF ALL KINDS.—A single yard will be sold much cheaper

D 2

than

than the most considerable merchant can purchase it at the manufacturing towns in England, though buying 50,000 yards together, and paying ready money.

The Seller being a Person of Character, *presumes* his word will not be doubted; and, as all comparisons are odious, he hopes none will be so ill-bred as to make comparisons between his goods and those of other dealers.

N. B. Some veritable NINE-TIMES-DYED BLUE FLANNEL, for Sore Throats, Gout, and Rheumatism.——WATER-PROOF CLOTHS, which prevent *external* wetting, and promote perspiration.

II. CHINA WARE of every species, from the true Nankeen to the veritable Prestonpans, as cheap as Staffordshire Ware or Brown Pottery.

N. B. Some nice eyes may perhaps perceive, that many of the Tea Cups and Basons are not exact circles, but rather inclined to the elliptical or oval form; and that the Dishes and Tureens have not the ring of sound metal. But such observations are to be disregarded. As the one half of mankind are fond of show, and without discernment, most families will *gain reputation*, and *save money*, by purchasing as above.

III.

III. FINE WRITING PAPERS of all kinds, as cheap as the original RAGS.—The Public will do well to attend to this article. The very best THIN POST, of just proportions and curious fabric. Having the beautiful quality of being remarkably thin and transparent, it is well calculated for bearing ink only on one side, which always gives an air of gentility and consequence to the writer.

N. B. As it is not too strongly sized, and of a soft texture, it may occasionally serve for *blotting* paper, and other *useful* purposes.

THE THICK POST, FOOLSCAP, and POT PAPERS, at the lowest prices ever known in this or in any other country.—Some sheets there may be with holes, and others greasy and foul; but, upon the whole, more good sheets will be found than bad.—Those who buy a quantity will be *indulged* with having it gilt, on paying for it.

N. B. No reflections are expected after delivery. No returns will be received, and therefore *ready money* must be paid.—Superior Papers at the usual prices.

IV. BOOKS OF ALL SIZES, warranted to please the eye, will be sold as cheap as the price of the *binding*. As most libraries are intended more for show than use, this esteemed article of luxury may now be procured for a trifle.—Gentlemen and Ladies are entreated

entreated to take notice, that the character of a *Person of Taste* is often obtained by the possession of a neat well chosen collection of books, and that even wooden books, if locked in a deep book-case, have helped a person to a reputation for literature; but here, if a book should have the chance to be opened, the real impression of types will be seen, and the owner prevented from the uneasiness frequently attendant on wooden libraries, that of being exposed to ridicule, and of seeing a gilded volume torn from its glue, and lacerating his brother's sides.

SERMONS warranted unpreached, written in a fair easy hand.—Also a Collection of Sermons, which render going to church unnecessary.

N. B. Wanted a PRINTER who has learned the Alphabet; and handsome encouragement to one who can read manuscript.

V. JEWELLERY AND PLATE of all kinds, warranted to look as well as the most costly, and to last a sufficient time for the price.—Handsome WATCHES as cheap as Wooden Clocks, and warranted to go many hours after purchase.—Handsome mounted SHOW SWORDS, with cane blades.—PISTOLS, gold bushed, and unperforated touch-holes, to render duels harmless, and to save fashionable honour.—Enormous BUCKLES, of fashionable
able

able patterns.—Long-necked SPURS, full six inches, with tearing rowels.

VI. FUNERALS PERFORMED, in a showy and elegant manner, amazingly cheap.

N. B. There is not a greater imposition upon mankind than in the above article. It is, no doubt, respectful to the memory of the dead, and gratifying to the vanity of the living, to have funerals very pompous and magnificent; and it is thought mean to challenge an undertaker's bill when the tear is in the eye. But families may now have all the splendor of a magnificent funeral at a very easy rate, by applying to the Advertiser, who has invented the most elegant flipping gilt case mountings and trappings of every kind for coffins, of all sizes, which are easily drawn up after the coffin reaches the ground. By this simple contrivance, the living may have the benefit of many a good dinner, which the burying the dead with costly funeral ornaments often deprives them of.

VII. PERFUMERY of all kinds, warranted genuine, and every article belonging to this branch of business at astonishingly low terms.

VERITABLE BEARS GREASE, as cheap as hogs lard or salt butter.—Scented Pomatums hard and soft,

soft, as cheap as mutton-suet.—Vegetable Milk of Roses, cheaper than asses milk.—Also Vegetable Chicken Gloves and Circassian Bloom.—Elastic Wigs, *more natural* than the hair.—Ladies Tetes and Curls, as cheap as horse and cow tails.—The best Hair-powder, as cheap as common flour.—Mareschal Powder, with the true spice and musk flavour, as cheap as pepper and salt.—Red, Pink, and Brown Hair-powders, as cheap as brick-dust or pounded tanners bark.

VIII. PATENT ARTICLES of every kind, cheaper than any Patentee can *afford* to sell them.—Among others, he recommends the Patent AUTOMATON FIGURE, which stands on the table by the plate at dinner or supper, and, by lifting the meat to the mouth, saves Ladies and Gentlemen the trouble of feeding themselves.—Also the Figure for Writing Letters, without the danger of bad spelling, of which the living are so often guilty.—Patent Elastic Handkerchiefs, which wring the nose without the assistance of the thumb and finger.—Patent Wigs, to fit *closer* than the hair.—Patent *Behinds* of all sizes, *cool* and *light*.—Patent *Bosoms*, PROMINENT beyond all *belief*!—Patent Gloves.—Patent Shoes, Stockings, and Buckles.—Patent Elastic Breeches, which do not require above a week to be able to walk in.—Patent Hats, Bonnets, and Night-caps.—Patent Thimbles, Ear-pickers, and Tooth-picks.—Twenty different kinds of Patent Tooth-powders, for scouring the teeth to transparency.

rency.—Patent Rolls and Butter.—Patent Biscuit.
—Patent Snuff and Tobacco, &c. &c. &c.

IX. GENUINE SPIRITS of all kinds retailed in small quantities, at a much lower price than the King's duty.—Rum not too much *whiskified*.—True *Holland* Gin distilled by the best makers in town and country.

N. B. These Genuine Spirits are all from an ENTERED EXCISE CELLAR.

X. GENUINE FOREIGN WHITE AND RED WINES, last vintage, as cheap as home-brewed.—Currant Wine, of vintage 1780, of the same quality and price as the above.

XI. TEA warranted not overloaded with *flow* or *elder* leaves, and properly mixed.—Congo as cheap as chopped hay, and others in proportion.

HAWKERS well treated, and enabled to sell to private families at a handsome profit.

N. B. As a great calamity has happened to our fellow countrymen in the West Indies, the *lowest* sugars will be raised *only* 3d. *per lb.** that we may retain a *remembrance* of their
E misfortunes,

* On the news of the hurricane in the West Indies, sugars instantly started 3d. per lb.

misfortunes, and a *fellow feeling* for their distresses.

XII. GENUINE MEDICINES of all kinds, for every disease; and, for the lovers of great bargains, double the quantity for half the price in the *Laboratories*. A large strong vomit for three farthings, and a patient kept purging a week for a penny.—Jesuits Bark, as cheap as tanners—Extract of Nettles, for pimples on the face—and the Ormskirk Medicine, *dog cheap*.

XIII. POISON for *vermin* of every kind, *male or female*, and no questions asked.—That valuable treatise, Every Man *his own Vermin* Killer, sold in dozens or single copies.

XIV. TRAPS for animals *of the most cautious nature*, which never fail—from the *Mouse* to the *Man* Trap.

THE Advertiser entreats that the Public will not consider him as using the paltry tricks of advertising *Quacks*: He can assure the world that he is a man of character, and his manner of dealing will prove it. Sales *below prime cost* are continued from year to year; and the great sums of money that are made by such dealers must convince the most credulous, that they can be underfold in every article; and the Public may be assured, that even the *manufacturer* himself cannot afford the goods so cheap
as

as the Advertiser ; and he entreats, that Ladies and Gentlemen will *believe him, and trust the quality to his integrity.*

TIMELY notice of the place of sale will be given in a future advertisement, and commissions will be called for at *every house.*

E. G.

[A VERY extraordinary licentiousness had been observed for some time among the youth of both sexes, and particularly the very young females, as would appear from the following note, which was published in the EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT. This note had led to enquiry; and the Printer, who had refused other strictures, admitted those that follow.]

“ WE have received JUVENAL’s favour, and
“ must allow, if his facts are well founded, that his
“ satire, though cutting and severe, is certainly
“ just ; and that no language can be too strong to
“ lash so abjectly vicious and detestable a charac-
“ ter. But, as it is so marked, and such circum-
“ stances pointed out, as might rouse indignation,
“ we must beg leave to decline being the instru-

“ ment of the correction, however just and laudable.—We would recommend it to our correspondent JUVENAL to bestow a paper of serious advice to parents and guardians on attention to the education and conduct of their children, and particularly daughters, from the earliest period of life, if they wish them to escape the character of *impure*. Manners and morals are indeed dissolute; but surely a hoary head should induce attention to decorum, if it does not extinguish gross vice.”

[A few days after this, an apology from the Printer, and a letter upon the subject appeared.]

THE following letter occasioned by our note to a correspondent, JUVENAL, in a late paper, is too interesting to be suppressed, though we receive in it our own share of censure.

S I R,

I OBSERVE you have received, from a correspondent, JUVENAL, strictures on some character, occasioned, as it would seem, by such a species of turpitude, that I cannot help reprehending your prudential reasons for suppressing them.—Pray consider, Sir, that the greatest advantage we can derive from the freedom of the press is the correction
of

of vice, and the protection of virtue; and these purposes ought not to be defeated by too scrupulous a delicacy. That noble and generous sentiment of the Roman poet should ever be present to the mind.

Nihil humani a me alienum puto.

Dare, Sir, to be avowedly a friend to mankind, and take a concern in what respects the rights of humanity. What heart will not make the cause of virtue and innocence peculiarly interesting, except such detestable characters as are pointed out by your correspondent JUVENAL? Spare them not, Sir, but drag them into public view. It is the cause of humanity, and should be heard.

WE condemn to an ignominious death the poor illiterate wretch who pilfers our property; yet the worst of assassins in a high sphere of life, who murders the peace and happiness of families, who trains the young and unexperienced to vice, and renders them the scorn of the virtuous, and the outcasts of society, is allowed to walk about with impunity, a deliberate villain!

SOME *recent* instances will start to the view of every person acquainted with this metropolis; and to others, the marks of pity, contempt, and scorn, which are expressed as they pass along, will sufficiently point them out.

THE

THE female who once falls from innocence is justly held to be sunk into perpetual debasement, and the person who first vitiates the young female mind is, in fact, the cause of anguish worse than death. Where is the father who would not rather see his child a breathless corpse, or the brother who would not with joy carry his sister's head to the grave, than see her in the road to infamy, wretchedness, disgrace, and despair?—What can equal the agonizing pangs that must arise to parents and friends on such reflections?—and why are the authors of such complicated calamity allowed to continue in society,—and yet they themselves, perhaps, are fathers!

ALLOW me to say, Sir, that you have shewn a false delicacy in concealing the strictures of JUVENAL. The only motive I can assign for this is, that you think the exposing such a character to the public is too great a reproach to the country. The degrees of indignation and contempt, indeed, are not infinite; and I would regret, with you, that this city should exhibit the lowest point in the scale. I enter into your idea, and will treat it with indulgence. Let me, however, entreat (from the information I have received in consequence of your note to JUVENAL), that you will at least recommend it to all parents, guardians, and mistresses of boarding schools, to prevent their daughters and female charges from going to the Calton Hill, and the less frequented walks of the neighbourhood of this city, in
the

the afternoons and evenings, however fine the weather, without proper attendants; for there a hoary fiend has often stole, like the Devil to Paradise, to practise his machinations vile upon the playful innocents. But now that the severity of winter advances, he will, no doubt, prowl nearer our doors than in the mild evenings of summer.

YE Parents, teach your lisping offspring terror at the name! that your fond and anxious hearts may preserve the prospect of comfort in virtuous children, and that they may not

—— fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's blasted in the ripening.

Teach your daughters that virtue alone constitutes happiness; that modesty, reserve, and delicacy are essential to the female character; and that the smallest levity that leads even to a suspicion of impurity of mind is fatal to every prospect of comfort in a matrimonial state.

BE not surpris'd at the progress of licentiousness and vice in the rising generation. Know that there are wretches, whose sole employment it is to corrupt the young, and to spread vice like contagion. Watch over your yet uncorrupted offspring. Know what company they keep, what books they read, and be assured, that IGNORANCE OF VICE is one of the surest GUARDIANS OF VIRTUE!

WHAT

WHAT punishment can be adequate to the barbarity of corrupting innocence?—of sacrificing the young and the lovely, whose artless smiles claim protection, but who, by the first step to vice, are irretrievably drawn into the most deplorable abyss of misery, from which death alone can relieve them?—deluded too by those, whose age, experience, and duties of station ought to make them friends and protectors! But,

Like damag'd clocks, whose hands and bells dissent,
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at TWELVE.

MONSTER OF NATURE! is it that thou art unworthy of the love of riper years, that thou art thus led to anticipate the experience of children? Are there not a sufficient number of poor unfortunates, that thou must hunt to add to the catalogue of the miserable, and that infant memories must date their wretchedness from thee? Must the hours of fond parental solicitude be repaid by disappointment, and years of unwearied attention and instruction rendered useless by thy contaminating deeds? Must the opening blossoms of hope be blasted, and the prospects of joy and comfort to age be clouded with darkness and despair by thy guilty means? Shall the tender affections and blessings of the parent be turned to agony and curses against his child, for thy brutal baseness? Dastardly reptile! if thou hast no morals, or if thou hast no delicacy, show some sense by taking advice.

PRUDENTLY

PRUDENTLY confine thyself to the pleasures which belong to thy period of life, or hide thy head in solitude, and become a *harmless* savage. Expose not thy hoary locks to the contempt of the world, and stain not the young, who may rise to honour, to dignity, and virtue, with the filthy practices of an odious beast.

RETIRE, and amend thy manners, or expect soon to hear with redoubled freedom from

CATO CENSOR.

E. C.

[IN consequence of the above, a note was inserted in the newspaper, that "if CATO CENSOR would
 " inform the Publisher how a letter could be conveyed to him, he would have an opportunity of
 " judging of the vindication of a character thought
 " to be pointed at;" and the following answer was sent to the Printer.]

S I R,

THE communication (I cannot call it vindication) you promised is received. The signature, *A Friend and Wellwisher to CATO CENSOR*, bespeaks a degree

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gree

gree of mean flattery, which was neither wished for nor expected.

Such praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor will his compliment, as the successor of JUNIUS, be received.—The applause of such men is dishonour—their approbation satire.—If the letter communicated is written in the person's *own proper hand*, why is the signature not in his *own proper name*, considering the request that is made of an interview ? If he feels the stroke,

Let the stricken deer go weep !

INFORM your correspondent, Sir, that if CATO CENSOR is not vindictive, neither is he, like Cereberus, to be lulled with a sop. He measures the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions. He knows neither malice nor resentment to any individual ; but he feels the force of that first law of nature and society, *Thou shalt do no injury*.

TELL your correspondent, that the most favourable interpretation is allowed, without the reference he makes to you for an explanation. The story of a recent unfortunate outcast may perhaps be true, though differently related : But let him not rest his defence on a case so vaguely supported. The being the original seducer of the unhappy girl he mentions
is

is not laid to his charge. The example is only given as an instance of the fatal consequences of seduction. He would wish to evade or lessen the censure by vindication where he is not accused. Out of compassion and delicacy, particulars are avoided. Tell him, that CATO CENSOR espoused the cause of innocence, humanity, and decorum; and, if the purposes he aimed at shall be served by his endeavours, he will be satisfied with having done his duty, and will rejoice over the repenting sinner, though he must lament that the fatal effects of the iniquity will appear many days hence.

TELL your correspondent, that it is not the import of his idea of the word *dastard* that can intimidate. The word, as used by CATO CENSOR, was applied to a person given to mean vice, and the MAN who is so is incapable of heroic actions.

IT is the confession he makes of sorrow and regret that at present sweetens the ink of this pen, and prevents it from turning into gall; and it is well that such kindly meaning could be gathered from your correspondent's epistle, else

I should a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up his soul, and wring his heart,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

THE loose morals and manners that prevail in many families in this city and suburbs at present

may perhaps be a plausible excuse for a man of *no principle* taking liberties ; but surely men of *probity* and *honour* possess an elevation of mind that will not stoop to *baseness*.

THE promise from your correspondent, of inoffensive behaviour, shall in the mean time suspend animadversion ; but let him know, that there are now more eyes, and those more watchful, than the eyes of Argus, on such conduct as has been pointed at. Let such characters take care, that the SWORD OF JUSTICE be not unsheathed ; and tell them, that inattention to advice may occasion the PILLORY being stained with unprecedented infamy !

WHISPER to your correspondent (in the spirit of meekness), and to such as may feel themselves included in the description and censure,

Go to thy closet, and there shut thee in,
By deep repentance wash away thy sin ;
From haunts of men, to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

CATO CENSOR.

E. C.

FOR

FOR THE
EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT.

S I R,

YOUR paper I always take in; but, let me tell you, there are several articles of intelligence of late which you have neglected to give us. I shall for once supply the deficiency, in hopes of your being more attentive for the future.

CASUALTIES *during the course of last week, and*
INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

I. IN the Pantheon*, a gentleman was suddenly seized with a *locked* jaw, in the out-set of an *extempore* speech. It is said this sudden disorder was occasioned by his notes being left at home.

To prevent accidents of the like kind, the next debate, we are informed, will be, *Is it natural to eat when hungry?* Upon this occasion, bread,

* The Pantheon is a debating club that meets weekly, like the Robin Hood in London. They generally give a week's previous notice in the newspapers of the subject of their debate. The last subject was this—*Is love natural?*

bread, cheese, and porter will be introduced, and it is thought the jaws of the whole company will be kept wagging, and the question carried in the affirmative without a division. A very crowded audience is expected.

II. RELIEVED from a violent colic, by an immense explosion, in her bed at the battery, *the Hundred Pounder Carronade.*

III. DIED of the falling sickness, with vertigo and violent retchings, *a Member of the Town-Council.* It is thought his new way of life had brought on the disease.

IV. DIED of a strangury in the Castle-hill, *one of the City's Water-pipes,* much regretted, having long preserved an *unblemished* character.

V. A VIOLENT battle was fought between the *Butchers* and the *Feuers of the New Town* *. The camp of the former was proposed to be stormed; but they beat a parley. During the contest there was a great slaughter in the old camp; and, had it not been for the Bridge, the passengers must

* There was a violent contest at this time between the inhabitants of the New Town and the Butchers, about removing the slaughter-houses. An act of parliament for the removal was obtained, but the money for indemnifying the butchers could not be raised by subscription, and the slaughter-houses remain.

must have waded through a sea of blood to the New Town.—This city can no longer be reproached for having a bridge over dry land. The Public are indebted to the numerous perfumers who have generously taken their station in the vicinity of the field of battle.

VI. THE Solicitors at Law made a donation to the Charity Workhouse. This is considered as an uncommon accident in the present times.

VII. LOST from several of the pulpits of this city, a *Sunday Morning's Lecture* *.

VIII. SEVERAL Members of Parliament, in passing, visited the Academy for instructing /Dumb, *the* previous to their attendance on their duty in the House of Commons.

IX. IN an increasing dropfy, these two inveterate enemies, *Public Taxes*, and *Private Luxury*.

X. IN a gallopping consumption, *Private Fortune*, and *Quack Medicines*.

E. C.

* It was customary to have two discourses on the Sunday forenoon; but, at this time, some clergymen introduced the fashion of two prayers and one discourse.

FOR THE
EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT.

S I R,

YOU are daily announcing New Clubs to the Public; but you have not yet thought proper to give ours a place. Allow me to inform you, that our Club is one of an old establishment, and at present the most numerous in this city, and desirous to be better known. It has made a more rapid progress of late years than any society whatever. Besides, the visible effects which our Club has had on the manners of the metropolis entitle it to some attention. If you will be pleased to make us better known, by inserting the few following lines in your Paper, I shall make a motion to have it taken in for the benefit of the reading members.

I am your's, &c.

L. H.

J E Z E B E L C L U B.

A GALA MEETING of THE JEZEBEL is to be held at the Rendezvous on Sunday next, after evening service, on business of importance.—Supper not
to

to be on the table till full *three minutes* after twelve, to prevent the censure of the superstitious and scrupulous for breaking the Sabbath *, and no swearing will be permitted till the tenth bumper.

PROPOSALS will be laid before the Meeting for having a supper or dinner with *the Wig—the Jero-beam—the Borachio—the Cape—the Hum-drum—the Antemanum—the Pandemonium—the Skink—the Sponge—the Free and Easy—the Gin—and the &c. Clubs,*—in order to preserve a friendly intercourse.

SEVERAL vacancies having lately happened by the premature death of *decayed* members at twenty years of age, it is resolved, that no new member can be proposed under ten, and no gin permitted till twelve.

SEVERAL letters of complaint from parents and guardians will be laid before the meeting; but it ought to be remembered, that the fault lies at home, and not with this Club. Volunteers cannot be refused; and if parents do not like the manners of the JEZEBEL CLUB, they should be careful to inculcate other manners, by example and precept, to their children and domestics.

THE present increasing freedom of manners among all ranks gives the most flattering prospect of

G

numerous

* A ball had been given some time before on a Saturday night.

numerous applications for admission; and as the Club are resolved to be *scrupulous*, when so many candidates are offering, one *white ball* will positively exclude.

A PROPOSAL for a subscription for the encouragement of Circulating Libraries will be read from the Chair, as, from long experience, they have been found the most successful promoters of the *interest* of this Society. It will be recommended to all parents to give their children an unrestricted licence to draw knowledge from these *pure* fountains of information.

SCHEMES for defeating the absurd plan of a new Bridewell, so *shocking to female delicacy*, will be thankfully received. Many of the Club having been in intimate habits with Members of the august Houses of Parliament, it is to be hoped they will use their influence to strengthen Opposition upon this occasion.

A VOTE of thanks will be proposed to the Magistrates, Ministers, and Captains of the Guard of this city, for their great lenity and indulgence to the Society, and their healths will be given in a bumper.

IT is proposed, that one side of the upper boxes at the Theatre should be taken by the year, for the use of the Society, by way of show-box; and, for this

this purpose a subscription will be opened.—As the Manager has hitherto been very obliging, his health will also be given in a bumper.

THE evening walk recommended by the Club is from the Luckenbooths to the further end of the New North Bridge, and along Prince's Street. The Day-light Members may also use this walk, if their *drapery* is tolerable. The mendicant members are requested to keep the low grounds, as the Cowgate, Grass-market, Blackfriars Wynd, &c. &c. several respectable inhabitants having complained loudly, that they cannot visit with their wives and daughters of an evening, without being blasted with gin and obscenity.

SEVERAL discarded footmen have applied to the Club for its patronage in their new profession of Dancing-Masters. That this elegant accomplishment may not interfere with the vulgar hours of business, these schools will not be opened till nine o'clock at night. The present fashionable suppers will thus permit servants to have an hour's practising before they are wanted at home. Apprentices of every kind will be taught in a few lessons to get rid of *vulgar* prejudices, and, instead of sheepish modesty, to assume the *air dégagé* so becoming, or the fierce stare and impudent strut so manly!

HAIR-DRESSERS will be taught how to enter a house with address, and also how to lead a conver-

sation with a lady or gentleman according to character and circumstances.

As these dancing-schools for servants and apprentices of both sexes have been found very useful nurseries for the Club, it is hoped the present petitioners will meet with countenance and protection at the meeting.

AFTER supper the following Duet will be rehearsed by NED HOPEFUL and BET BOUNCER,—

By TWO BLACK EYES my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was more undone.

To CELIA with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
With *two black eyes*!

LYDIA HARRIDAN

in the Chair.

N. B. The Secret Committee will meet on Monday evening at ten o'clock, at *St Cecilia's Oyster Cellar* *—Mrs SLAMAKIN in the Chair.

E. C.

* However ludicrous this may appear, there is such a house and sign in the Cowgate, adjoining to the Concert Hall.

[THE

[THE Summer and Autumn of 1782 having been very unfavourable, there was a great scarcity of grain in Scotland, and particularly in the north. Resolutions of a meeting held at Aberdeen were published at Edinburgh January 13, 1782, by which it appears, that it was the opinion of the meeting, that the dogs should be instantly killed, and that no person should drink home-brewed spirits, or malt liquor, &c. Two days afterwards the following was published.]

MEETING OF CITIZENS.

EDIN. JAN. 15, 1783.

S I R,

I AM desired, by a *Meeting of respectable Citizens*, held here for taking into consideration proper plans of *relief* for this city, in the present alarming scarcity of grain, to express their high satisfaction with the judicious resolutions of the county of Aberdeen, published in your paper of the 13th.

THE Meeting unanimously approved of the following resolutions of that county, viz.

1/2,

1st, THAT a frugal œconomy with regard to provisions should be observed; and that, with this view, all *dogs*, unless those of great *use* and *value*, should be *instantly put to death*.

2^{dly}, THAT the food of *man* should not be consumed by *vile animals*.

3^{dly}, THAT no man should be allowed to drink *more* at a meal than was *necessary*, and that spirits should be absolutely prohibited.

4^{thly}, THAT benevolence and sympathy should be recommended to all persons, that they may supply, according to their abilities, the wants of their fellow creatures, in the present distressing times.

IT was then moved, seconded, and voted, that similar measures, suited to the present *situation* and *circumstances* of this *city*, should be adopted; and, in imitation of the foregoing resolutions, the Meeting were *unanimously of opinion*,

1st, THAT all beggars, thieves, wh—s, discarded footmen, idle vagabonds, blackguards, and ballad-fingers, who infest this city, should be instantly *put to death*, as they consume a great deal of good provision, and are not only *useless* but *noxious animals*.

N. B.

N. B. A DEBATE arose upon this article, Whether Players, Tumblers, Rope-dancers, *Fire-eaters*, &c. should not be included? and some even went the length of proposing, that the courts of law should be *cleansed*.—One gentleman observed, that the Fire-eaters might be allowed a chance for their lives, by permitting them to sit at kitchen-fires and ovens, provided they promised to eat nothing but the dropping embers and red cinders.—*Quack Doctors*, he was clearly of opinion, should be *buried alive*.

2dly, THAT application should be made to the Magistrates, that they might issue their orders to have the Lochaber axes brought to a keen edge for the occasion; and that, instead of the reward usually advertised, in the case of *mad dogs*, to be paid at the Council Chamber, on producing the amputated tail of the animal, that nothing but *real human heads* would be paid for.—It was proposed, that a party of the Town Guard should attend with *scoured* muskets, to shoot the refractory.

THAT the business might begin any night, at twelve o'clock, at the haunts of *vice*, *idleness*, and *debauchery*.—Three Butchers, one Surgeon, and the Hangman of the City to be a Committee of Directors to witness the execution; but the Hangman to have no vote, lest he should prefer *hemp* to the *Lochaber axe* or the *musket*.

N. B.

N. B. As many of the bodies would be deprived of that curious organ the *brain*, the Meeting thought they might be sold as great bargains to the students of physick, and the money properly applied to support people worth preserving alive.

3dly, THAT all gamblers, the idle and worthless of both sexes, a considerable proportion of hair-dressers, perfumers, footmen, chairmen, &c. and, in short, those of every class who come under the description of

“*fruges consumere nati*,”

ought, in the present scarcity of corn, to be reckoned *vile* and *useless animals*, and not permitted to consume the food of *man*. But, rather than produce any disturbance in the city, some of them might be indulged in keeping nature alive, till better times, by means of the ensuing carnage of *dogs* in Aberdeenshire. These animals might be pickled and sent here, instead of the annual exportation of *pork*, which may be kept at home for the preservation of more valuable lives*.

UPON this head they recommend the importation of

Mastiffs for Justices, Provosts, and Aldermen;

Bull

* Aberdeen annually exports a great quantity of pickled pork.

Bull Dogs for Lawyers, Attorneys, Factors, &c.

Terriers for Agents before the Inferior Courts ;

Greyhounds for Messengers, Cadies, Chairmen,
Running Footmen, &c.

Collies or *Shepherds Dogs* for Clergy and School-
masters ;

Spaniels for Borough Politicians ;

King Charles's Kind—black in the mouth—for the
staunch Friends of the House of Stuart ;

Turnspits for Vintners, and Keepers of Oyster
Cellars ;

Shocks for Hysterical Ladies ;

Dutch Pugs for Merchants ;—and

Water Dogs for Shipmasters and Sailors.

N. B. THIS ought, after all, to be considered as
a very great *indulgence*, as this food is reckoned
high luxury in many nations ; and the Manda-
rins of China, those *polished gentlemen*, extol the
delicacy of a *Bow-wow* above all things. If *lap-
dogs* are to be included in the proscription, a
few barrels of bread-and-butter-fed *Pompeys*,
Fideles, and *Caros*, might be sent for the deli-
cate stomachs of tea-table slanderers and demi-
reps of fashion.

4thly, THAT all private persons and clubs, who
drink more than is *necessary*, should be watched with
a sharp eye, and assessed in particular sums, accord-
H ing

ing to their opulence or *love of liquor*; and therefore that a strict attention should be paid to several clubs in this city, such as, the Capillaire, the Borachio, the Apician, the Humdrum, the Poker, the Cape, the Blast and Quaff, Doctors of the Faculty, the Jeroboam, the Ocean, the Pipe, and, though last not least, the virtuous, the venerable, and dignified WIG, who, so much to their honour and kind attention, always inform the public of their meetings. Also that an officer should be appointed to take notice of all *dram drinkers, lovers of a frosty nail in the morning, of cauld cocks, Athole brose, old man's milk, half and half, bitters, chearers, doctors, torrie rorries, &c. &c. &c.*

5thly, THAT as sympathy and benevolence are so properly recommended to all denominations, the preses moved, that a subscription should be opened for the relief of the industrious poor, and that those who did not subscribe should have the *poor* billeted upon them, in proportion to their circumstances, till next harvest; and for this purpose he proposed, that a list of the subscribers should be published.

By order of the meeting,

TIMOTHY CORNCRAIK, Clerk.

Edin. Sept. 15. 1783.

THE following simple narrative speaks much instruction, and may be of use to parents and youth.

THEOPHRASTUS.

A gentleman in the medical line was some time ago asked to visit a patient, and was conducted by an elderly woman up three pair of stairs, to a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment. When he entered, he perceived two young females sitting on the side of a dirty bed without curtains. On approaching, he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death, supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dipped in wine. The pale emaciated figure refused, saying, in a feeble languid voice, That it would but contribute to prolong her misery, which she hoped was near an end.—Looking at the Doctor with earnestness, she said, You have come too late, Sir; I want not your assistance.—

“ O could’st thou minister to a mind diseas’d;
Or stop th’ access and passage to remorse.”

Here she fetched a deep sigh, and dropped upon the bed—Every mean of relief was afforded, but in vain; for, in less than an hour, she expired.

IN a small box by the side of the bed were found some papers, by which it appeared, that the unhappy young woman had had more than an ordinary education, that she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents, whom she sincerely pitied, and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favourite daughter. With some directions respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were found, and some little money in the corner of the box was assigned to have them engraved on her tomb-stone :

V E R S E S

For my Tomb-stone, if ever I shall have one,

By a Prostitute and a Penitent.

" HERE REST THE RELIQUES OF A NYMPH UNDONE,
WHO DYING, WISH'D HER DAYS HAD NE'ER BEGUN."

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life, on this cold bed of clay
(The last and only refuge for my woes)
A lost, love-ruin'd Female I repose.

FROM

FROM the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
Yielding, half forc'd, in the deceiver's arms,
To that, whose awful veil hides every fault,
Shelt'ring my suff'rings in this welcome vault,
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;
Nor could rejected Conscience gain the pow'r
Of calm reflection for one serious hour;
I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more,
One step to vice, stole on without controul,
Till, step by step, perdition wreck'd the soul.

OF eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old e'er of age, wore out when scarce mature;
Daily debas'd to stifle my disgust
Of life which sunk me with the lowest dust;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home a brothel, and the street my haunt,
Full seven long years of infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind,
Till, the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
Then Death, with every horror in his train,
Clos'd the sad scene of riot, guilt, and pain.
O! could it shut the future from my view,
Nor dread Eternity! my life renew;
Renew to anguish, and the deepest woe,
While endless ages never cease to flow!

YE fair Associates of my opening bloom !
O! come and weep, and profit at my tomb—
To me sweet peace and virtue once were known,
“ And Peace, O Virtue ! Peace is all thy own.”
Let my short youth—my blighted beauty prove
The fatal poison of unlawful love ;
“ Let jealous fears your every step attend,
Mark well the flatt’rer, from the real friend.”
Chaste keep the mind ; preserve the manners pure ;
If peace at home, or love you would secure.
O! think how quick my foul career I ran,
The dupe of Passion, Vanity, and Man ;
Then shun the path where soft temptations shine—
Yours be the lesson—sad experience mine !

[The

[The following Letters, which appeared at Edinburgh in December 1783—are now reprinted with some additions.]

L E T T E R L

Eheu ! fugaces labuntur anni !

HOR.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur.

I HAVE often thought that it might not only be entertaining, but useful, to remark, from time to time, the vicissitudes of manners in society ; and, by comparing the present with the past, to examine, whether, as a people, or as individuals, we were improving or declining. It is frequently difficult to assign a reason for the revolutions which take place in the manners of a country, or to trace the causes that have occasioned a change ; but in all cases, the first step towards investigating the cause, is to state the facts. A plan of this kind, frequently repeated, might be of great utility, by leading to cultivation and improvement in some things, and to correction or prohibition in others ; while it would, at the same time, afford a valuable fund of facts for the philosopher, the historian, or the annalist.

EVERY person who remembers but a few years back, must be sensible of a very striking difference in the external appearance of Edinburgh, and also in the mode of living, and manners of the people.

LET

LET us state a comparison, for instance, no farther back than between the year 1763 and the year 1783; and many features of the present time will probably appear prominent and striking, which, in the gradual progress of society, have passed altogether unnoticed, or have been but faintly perceived. So remarkable a change is not perhaps to be equalled in so short a period in any city of Europe; nor in the same city for two centuries, taking all the alterations together.

IN 1763—Edinburgh was almost confined within the city-walls. Nicolson's Street and Square, Chapel-street, the greatest part of Bristo-street, Crichton-street, George's Square, Teviot-row, Buccleugh-street, St Patrick's Square, &c. &c. to the south, were fields and orchards—To the north, there was no bridge; and (till of late) the New Town, with all its elegant and magnificent buildings, squares, rows, courts, &c. did not exist—It may with truth be said, that there is not now in Europe a more beautiful terrass than Prince's Street; nor a grander or more elegant street than George-street. It is moderate to say, that two millions Sterling have been expended on building in and about Edinburgh since 1763. The environs of Edinburgh cannot be surpassed in views of the sublime, picturesque, and beautiful.

IN 1763—People of quality and fashion lived in houses, which, in 1783, are inhabited by tradesmen, and people in humble and ordinary life—The *Lord Justice-*

Justice-Clerk Tinwald's house was lately possessed by a *French Teacher*—*Lord President Craigie's* house is at present possessed by a *Rouping-wife* or *Sales-woman of old furniture*—and *Lord Drummore's* house was lately left by a *Chairman* for want of accommodation *.

IN 1786—A Bridge to the south, over the Cowgate, is built, and the areas for shops and houses on the east side of it, sold higher than perhaps ever was known in any city, even than in Rome, in the most flourishing times of the republic or the empire, viz. at the rate of no less than 96,000*l.* per acre! The area of 422 feet in front, by 48, and some of it 32 deep, for upwards of 22,000*l.*

IN 1786—The valued rents of houses in Edinburgh, which pay cess or land-tax, are more than double what they were in 1763 †, and are daily encreasing.

I

IN

* The house of the Duke of Douglas at the Union, is now possessed by a wheel-wright. Oliver Cromwell once lived in the present gloomy Sheriff Clerk's Chamber. The great Marquis of Argyle's house, in the Castlehill, is possessed by a hosier, at 12*l.* per annum.

† In 1635—The rents within the city were	L. 19,211	10	0
In 1688,	-	-	24,333 6 8
In 1751,	-	-	31,497 0 0
In 1783,	-	-	54,371 0 0
In 1786—The valued rents are above			66,000 0 0

N. B. — One-fifth is deducted from the real rent in stating the cess

IN 1763—The revenue of the Post-office of Edinburgh was reckoned about 10,000*l.* per annum.

IN 1783—The same revenue is upwards of 35,000*l.*

IN 1763—There were two stage-coaches, with three horses, a coachman, and postilion, each, which went to Leith every hour from eight in the morning till eight at night, and consumed the hour upon the stage: There were no other stage-coaches in Scotland, except one, which set out once a month for London, and it was sixteen or eighteen days upon the journey.

IN 1783—There are four or five stage-coaches to Leith every half hour, and they run it in 15 or 20 minutes: DUNN, who now has the magnificent hotels in the New Town, was the first person who attempted a stage-coach to Dalkeith, a village six miles distant: There are now stage-coaches, flies, and diligences, to every considerable town in Scotland, and to many of them two, three, or four: To London, there are no less than sixty stage-coaches monthly, or fifteen every week, and they reach the capital in four days: And, in 1786, the stage-coach which carries the mail, reaches London in *sixty hours*, by the same road that required *sixteen or eighteen days* for the established stage-coach in 1763.

IN

cess—Leith is not included in the above, though now one city with Edinburgh. Nor any of the streets and squares to the south. The valuation is confined to the royalty only:

IN 1763—The hackney-coaches in Edinburgh were few in number, and perhaps the worst of the kind in Britain.

IN 1783—The number of hackney-coaches is more than tripled, and they are the handsomest carriages, and have the best horses for the purpose, without exception, in Europe.

IN 1783—Triple the number of merchants, physicians, surgeons, &c. keep their own carriages, that ever did in any former period.

IN 1783—Several Presbyterian ministers in Edinburgh, and professors in the university, keep their own carriages; a circumstance which, in a circumscribed walk of life as to fortune, does honour to the literary abilities of many of them, and is perhaps unequalled in any former period of the history of the Church, or of the University.

IN 1763—Literary property, or authors acquiring money by their writings, was hardly known in Scotland: David Hume and Dr Robertson had indeed a very few years before sold some of their works; the one, a part of the History of Britain, for 200l.; the other, the History of Scotland, for 600l.—two vols. in quarto each.

IN 1783—The value of literary property has been carried higher by the Scots than ever was known among any people. David Hume received 5000l.

for the remainder of his History of Britain; and Dr Robertson, for his second work, received 4500*l*. In sermon-writing, the Scots have also excelled; and although, in 1763, they were reckoned remarkably deficient in this species of composition, yet, in 1783, a minister of Edinburgh has written the most admired sermons that ever were published, and obtained the highest price that ever was given for a work of the kind.

N. B. The merit of these sermons obtained for Dr Blair a pension of 200*l*. per annum.

PREVIOUS to the 1763, the Scots had made no very distinguished figure in literature, as writers, particularly in the department of History and Belles Lettres. Lord Kames had, the year before, published his Elements of Criticism. Hume and Robertson had made their first essays in the walk of History, a short time before, as mentioned above.

IN 1783—The Scots have distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner in many departments of literature; and, within this short period of twenty years, the names of Hume, Robertson, Orme, Henry, Tytler, Watson, Kames, Reid, Beattie, Oswald, Ferguson, Smith, Monboddo, Gregories (father and son), Cullen, Homes (poet and physician), Monro, Hunter, Stewart, Blair, Mackenzie, Campbell, Gerard, Millar, Macpherson, Brydon, Moore, Stuart, Arnot, Mickle, Gillies, and many other eminent writers, too long to enumerate, have appeared.

IN

IN 1786—Edinburgh has produced two periodical papers, which have been more admired, than perhaps any of the kind since the Spectator.

PREVIOUS to 1763—The Scots had not distinguished themselves remarkably as public speakers in the House of Commons.

IN 1783—The Scots have had more than their proportion of distinguished speakers in the House of Commons. Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough), Sir Gilbert Elliot, Johnstons, Sir A. Fergusson, Erskines, Dempster, Adam, Maitland, Dundas, &c. &c.

IN 1763—There were 396 four-wheeled carriages entered to pay duty, and 462 two-wheeled.

IN 1783—There are 1268 four-wheeled carriages entered to pay duty, and 338 two-wheeled.

IN 1763—Few coaches or chaises were made in Edinburgh: The nobility and gentry, in general, brought their carriages from London, and Paris was reckoned the place in Europe where the most elegant carriages were made.

IN 1783—Coaches and chaises are constructed as elegantly in Edinburgh as any where in Europe: Many are yearly exported to Petersburg, and the cities on the Baltic; and there was lately an order from Paris to one coachmaker in Edinburgh, for one

one thousand crane-necked carriages, to be executed in three years,

IN 1763—There was no such profession known as an Haberdasher.

IN 1783—The profession of an Haberdasher (which signifies a Jack of all trades, including the *Mercer*, the *Milliner*, the *Linen-draper*, the *Hatter*, the *Hofier*, the *Glover*, and many others) is nearly the most frequent in town.

IN 1763—There was no such profession known as a Perfumer: Barbers and Wigmakers were numerous, and were in the order of decent burgesſes: Hairdrefſers were few, and hardly permitted to drefs on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it.

IN 1783—Perfumers have ſplendid ſhops in every principal ſtreet: Some of them advertiſe the keeping of bears, to kill occaſionally, for greaſing ladies and gentlemens hair, as ſuperior to any other animal fat. Hairdrefſers are more than tripled in number, and their buſieſt day is Sunday; and there is a Profeſſor who advertiſes a Hair-dreſſing Academy, and lectures on that *noble and uſeful art*.

IN 1763—There was no ſuch thing known, or uſed, as an umbrella; but an eminent ſurgeon, who had occaſion to run about much in the courſe of buſineſs,

finery, made use of one about the year 1780; and, in 1783, umbrellas are almost as frequent as shoes and stockings, and many umbrella warehouses are opened.

IN 1763—There were no Oyster-cellars, or, if one, it was for the reception of the lowest rank.

IN 1783—Oyster-cellars * are numerous, and are become places of genteel and fashionable resort, and the frequent rendezvous of dancing parties, or private assemblies.

IN 1783—There are also dancing schools for servants and tradesmens apprentices.

IN 1763—A stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as an Hotel; the word indeed was not known, or only intelligible to French scholars.

IN 1783—A stranger may be accommodated, not only comfortably, but most elegantly, at many public Hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a waggoner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life. His guinea, it must be owned, will not go quite so far as it did in 1763.

IN

* Or taverns taking that name.

IN 1763—The number of Boys at the High School were not 200.

IN 1783—The number of Boys at the High School were about 500; the most numerous school in Britain.

IN 1763—The Society of Cadies * was numerous; they were useful and intelligent servants of the public; and they would have run an errand to any part of the city for a penny.

IN 1783—The Cadies are few, and these generally pimps, or occasional waiters at taverns. They have the impudence to expect fixpence where they formerly got a penny; and the only knowledge there is of their being an incorporated society, is by some of the principal ones tormenting strangers and citizens the whole year through with a box, begging for their poor.

IN 1763—The wages to servant-maids were, generally, from 3l. to 4l. 4s. a-year. They dressed decently, in blue or red cloaks or plaids, suitable to their station.

IN 1783—The wages are nearly the same; but the dress and appearance are greatly altered, the servant-maids being almost as fine as their mistresses
were

* Men who bear a ticket or badge, who run messages, sell pamphlets, and attend strangers by the day or hour, as servants. They are incorporated under regulations of the magistrates.

were in 1763: They have now silk cloaks and caps, ribbons, ruffles, flounced petticoats, &c. Their *whole year's wages* are insufficient for rigging out most of them for one Sunday or holiday. The manners and conversation of most of them are by no means suited to the improving of the children of the families whom they serve.

IN 1763—The shore-dues at Leith (a small tax paid to the city of Edinburgh on landing goods at the quays), amounted to 580l.

IN 1783—The shore-dues at Leith amounted to 3400l.

N. B. There was a great importation of grain to the port of Leith in 1783, not less than 800,000l. Sterling having gone out of Scotland for this year's deficiency of grain. But the shore-dues are above 3000l. per annum, independent of any extraordinary importation.

IN 1763, and for some years after—There was one ship which made an annual voyage to Peterburgh; and never brought tallow, if any other freight offered. Three tons of tallow were imported into Leith in this year 1763, which came from Newcastle.

IN 1783—The ships from Leith and the Frith of Forth to the Baltic amount to hundreds. They make

two voyages in the year, and some of them three. In 1786, above 2500 tons of tallow were imported directly from the Baltic into Leith.

IN 1763—Every ship from London to Leith brought part of her cargo in soap.

IN 1783—Every ship that goes from Leith to London carries away part of her cargo in soap.

IN 1763—There was one glass-house at Leith for green bottles.

IN 1783—There are three glass-houses, and as fine crystal and window glass are made at Leith as any where in Europe.

IN 1783—The increase of tonnage in shipping belonging to the port of Leith since 1763, is 42,234 tons; and, since that period, has so greatly increased, that magnificent plans are making out for enlarging the present harbour, which is found much too small for the number of ships.

IN 1763—The revenue arising from the distillery in Scotland amounted to 4739l. 18s. 10d.

IN 1785—The revenue arising from the distillery amounted to 93,701l. 12s. 1½d.

N. B. The district of Fairtooth paid no duty in either years, having a grant from the Crown to distill free of excise duty.

IN

IN 1763—Edinburgh was chiefly supplied with vegetables and garden-stuffs from Muffelburgh and the neighbourhood, which were cried through the streets by women with *creels* or baskets on their backs: Any sudden increase of people would have raised all the markets: A small camp at Muffelburgh a few years before had this effect.

IN 1783—The markets of Edinburgh are as amply supplied with vegetables, and every necessary of life, as any in Europe. In 1782, Admiral Parker's fleet, and a Jamaica fleet, consisting together of 15 sail of the line, many frigates, and about 600 merchantmen, lay near two months in Leith Roads, were fully supplied with every kind of provisions, and the markets were not raised one farthing, although there could not be less than an addition of 20,000 men.

THE crews of the Jamaica fleet, who were dreadfully afflicted with scurvy, were soon restored to health by the plentiful supplies of strawberries, and fresh vegetables and provisions, which they received: The merchants of London, who, from humanity, but thro' ignorance, sent four transports with fresh provisions to the fleet, had them returned without breaking bulk: It is believed that a similar instance to the above would not have happened at any port in Britain.

I SHALL extend this comparison in a future letter,

I am, &c.

E. C.

THEOPHRASTUS.

L E T T E R II.

*Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit**Nos nequiores, mox daturos**Progeniem vitiosiore.*

H O R.

I SHALL now give a few facts respecting Edinburgh in the years 1763 and 1783, which have a more immediate connection with MANNERS.

IN 1763—People of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after; business was attended in the afternoon. It was common to lock the shops at one o'clock, and to open them after dinner at two.

IN 1783—People of fashion, and of the middle rank, dine at four and five o'clock: No business is done after dinner, that having of itself become a very serious business.

IN 1763—It was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the society and conversation of the women.

IN 1783—The drawing-rooms are totally deserted; and the only opportunity gentlemen have of
being

being in ladies company, is when they happen to *mess* together at dinner or at supper; and even then an impatience is often shewn till the ladies retire. It would appear that the dignity of the female character, and the respect which it commanded, is considerably lessened, and that the bottle, and dissoluteness of manners, are heightened, in the estimation of the men.

IN 1763—It was fashionable to go to church, and people were interested about religion. Sunday was strictly observed by all ranks as a day of devotion; and it was disgraceful to be seen on the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church, with their children and servants, and family-worship was frequent. The collections at the church-doors for the poor amounted yearly to 1500l. and upwards.

IN 1783—Attendance on church is much neglected: Sunday is made a day of relaxation: Families think it ungentle to take their domestics to church with them: The streets are often crowded in the time of worship; and, in the evenings, they are shamefully loose and riotous. Family-worship is almost totally disused, and it is even wearing out among the clergy: The collections at the church-doors for the poor have fallen below 1000l. So that, with more people, and more money, the collections at the church-doors are lessened near 600l. a-year.

It

IT may be mentioned here, as a curious fact, That, for more than half of this century, one of the smallest churches in Edinburgh has collected more money for the Poor, at the time of dispensing the sacrament, than eight churches did upon the same occasion in 1783.

IN no respect are the manners of the 1763 and 1783 more remarkable than in the modesty, decency, reserve, dignity, and delicacy, of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, forwardness, freedom, and debauchery, of the other. People now cease to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime.

IN 1763—The breach of the seventh commandment was punished by fine and church censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her from society, and her company would have been rejected even by the men.

IN 1783—Although the law punishing adultery with death stands unrepealed, yet even church-censure is disused, and separations, divorces, recriminations, collusions, separate maintenances, are become frequent. Women who have been rendered infamous by public divorce, have been permitted to marry the Adulterer; and it is not without example, that the known Adulterers has been, by people of fashion, again received into society, notwithstanding the
the

the endeavours of our worthy Queen to check such a violation of morality, decency, the laws of the country, and the rights of the virtuous.

IN 1763—The fines collected by the kirk-treasurer for bastard-children amounted to 154*l.* and, upon an average of ten succeeding years, they were 190*l.*

IN 1783—The fines for bastard-children amounted to near 600*l.*

N. B. It is to be remarked, that the repentance-stool, and all church censure, for fornication and adultery, have been several years abolished.

IN 1763—The clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes, in the principles of morality, Christianity, and the relative duties of life.

IN 1783—Visiting and catechising are disused, except by one or two of the clergy: if people do not chuse to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the Ten Commandments be as little known as rescinded acts of parliament.—Religion is the only tie that can restrain, in any degree, the licentiousness of the vulgar; when that

that is lost, ferocity of manners, and every breach of morality, may be expected.

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam, populumque fluxit.

IN 1763—Masters took charge of their apprentices, and kept them under their eye in their own houses.

IN 1783—Few masters will receive apprentices to stay in the house; and yet from them succeeding society is to be formed, and future magistrates and councillors chosen: If they attend their hours of business, masters take no farther charge. The rest of their time may be passed (as it generally is) in vice and debauchery; hence they become idle, insolent, and dishonest. Masters complain of their servants and apprentices, but the evil often lies with themselves.

IN 1763—If a young man had been led astray by bad company, he was ashamed of it, and most carefully concealed it. A young man could not have been seen in the Playhouse with bad women, without being reckoned a BLACKGUARD, and exposed to contempt and ridicule.

IN 1783—Youth in Edinburgh early commence what is called *puppies*, and boast of their experience in vice before they leave school. Young men are not ashamed to sit in the side-boxes with women of the town

town, and afterwards go into the boxes with young ladies of character, and women of fashion; and this is not in general, treated, as it should be, as an insult, but often meets with no check, either from the mother or the daughter.

IN 1763—There were about six or seven brothels or houses of bad fame in Edinburgh, and a very few only of the lowest and most ignorant order of females skulked about at night. A person might have walked from the Castlehill to the Abbey, without being accosted by a single prostitute. The only one of the impure tribe who could afford a silk gown, was a Charlotte Davidson, who had been a servant-maid, and afterwards died mad.

IN 1783—The number of brothels and houses of civil accommodation are increased to some hundreds; and the *women of the town* are more than in an equal proportion. Every quarter of the city and suburbs is infested with multitudes of females, abandoned to vice, and many of them before passion could mislead, or reason teach them right from wrong. Many mothers live by the prostitution of their daughters. Gentlemen and citizens daughters are upon the town, who, by their dress and bold deportment, in the face of day, seem to tell us that the term WH—E ceases to be a reproach.

IN 1763—The Canongate was the foulest quarter of the city with respect to abandoned women and brothels.

IN 1783—The Canongate, by the vigilance of the magistrates of that district, is the cleanest and most quiet.

SOME years after 1763, an alarm was taken by the inhabitants for the health of the children at the High School, from the smallness of the rooms, and the numbers crowded into them; and they procured the largest and most elegant school-house in Britain to be erected.

IN 1783—The health of the boys being provided for, there is no alarm taken respecting the corruption of their morals. In Blackfriar's Wynd, which may be called the very avenue to the High School, there were lately twenty-seven houses of bad fame*. The boys are daily accustomed to hear language, and to see manners, that early corrupt their young minds. Many of them, before they enter their teens, boast of gallantries and intrigues (and in a line too) which their parents little think of. Prudent mothers will be cautious what company their daughters are in, lest, in place of the innocent gambols of children, they should be engaged in the frolics of vice and licentiousness.

IN

* This nuisance is since removed.

IN 1763—People sent their daughters to Edinburgh, to be accomplished in their education, and to give them urbanity of manners. An Edinburgh education was thought the most likely to procure them a good marriage.

IN 1783—Many people prefer a country-education for their daughters; and men of sense and worth prefer a young woman bred in the country, of innocent and simple manners, with virtuous principles, to one with tinsel-accomplishments, and probably a giddy and corrupted mind. Marriages are not nearly so frequent as they were in 1763.

IN 1763—In the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted, not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the useful and necessary arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were then essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother.

IN 1783—The daughters even of tradesmen consume the mornings at the toilet, (to which *rouge* is now an appendage), or in strolling from the perfumer's to the milliner's, &c.: They would blush to be seen in a market: The cares of the family are devolved upon a housekeeper, and Miss employs those heavy hours, when she is disengaged from public or

private amusements, in improving her mind from the *precious stores* of a circulating library.

It may now be said, that the generality of young men are bold in vice, and that too many of the young women assume the meretricious airs and flippancy of courtezans.

IN 1763—Deep mourning for relations was worn, and continued long: That for a husband or wife twelve months.

IN 1783—Mournings are slight, and worn for a very short time.

IN 1763—There was one dancing assembly-room; and the profits were given for the support of the Charity Workhouse. Minuets were danced by each set, previous to the country dances. Strict regularity with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners were observed.

IN 1783—There are three new elegant assembly-rooms built, besides one at Leith; but the Charity Workhouse is starving. Minuets are given up, and country dances are only used, which have often a nearer resemblance to a romp than elegant and graceful dancing. Dress, particularly by the men, is much neglected; and many of them reel from the tavern, flustered with wine, to an assembly of as elegant and beautiful women as any in Europe.

IN

IN 1763—The company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the managers, which were never transgressed.

IN 1783—The public assemblies meet at eight and nine o'clock, and the Lady Directress sometimes does not make her appearance till ten. The young Misses and Masters, who would be mortified not to see out the ball, thus return home at three or four in the morning, and yawn and gape, and complain of headaches all the next day.

IN 1763—The weekly Concert of Music began at six o'clock.

IN 1783—The Concert begins at seven o'clock *.

N. B. The barbarous custom of the gentlemen *saving* the ladies, as it was called, after St Cecilia's concert, by drinking immoderately, is now given up.

IN 1763—The question respecting the morality of stage-plays was much agitated. A clergyman a few years before had been brought before the General Assembly, for having written a tragedy, perhaps one of the most chaste and interesting in the English language †. By those who attended the Theatre, even with

* The hour of meeting is since altered again to one-half past six o'clock.

† The Tragedy of Douglas, by Mr Home, then a clergyman.

with scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Any clergyman, who had been known to have gone to the Playhouse, would have been deposed by the General Assembly of the Church.

IN 1783—The morality of stage-plays, or their effects on society, are never thought of. The most crowded houses are always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday's-night's play are generally bespoke for the season, so that strangers often on that night cannot get a place. This method of taking a box for the Saturday-night through the season, was lately much practised by boarding-mistresses, so that there can be no choice of the play, but the young ladies must take the dish that is set before them. The trash that by this means is often presented (for it is always the worst play of the week), cannot fail to prevent over delicacy.

IN 1763—Young ladies might have walked thro' the streets in perfect security at all hours. No person would have presumed to have interrupted, or spoken to them.

IN 1783—The mistresses of boarding-schools find it necessary to advertise, that their young ladies are not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants: The same precaution is also necessary at dancing-schools.

IN 1763—A young man was termed a *fine fellow*, who, to a well-informed and an accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not honourably pay; and thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman.

IN 1783—The term *fine fellow* is applied to one who can drink three bottles; who discharges all debts of *honour*, (or game-debts and tavern-bills), and evades payment of every other; who swears immoderately, and before ladies, and talks of his word of honour; who ridicules religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy, but without argument; who is very jolly at the table of his friend, and will lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, if she is handsome, or debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being done to his connections, swears he would cut the throat, or blow out the brains of his dearest companion, who would make such an attempt. Sensible mothers should be attentive to what kind of *fine fellows* are admitted to visit in their families.

IN 1763—Mr Whitefield, and other pious divines from England, used occasionally to visit Edinburgh, and they were much attended by all ranks, who listened to the doctrines of Christianity and morality.

IN

IN 1783—An itinerant quack doctor publicly disseminates obscenity and blasphemy, insults magistracy, and sets the laws, decency, and common sense, at defiance *.

IN 1763, and many years preceding and following—The execution of criminals was rare: Three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom. There were four succeeding years, in which there was not an execution in the whole kingdom of Scotland.

IN 1783—There were six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh in one week; and, upon the Autumn Circuit, no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued. I am, &c.

THEOPHRASTUS.

E. C.

* A quack at this time, rendered conspicuous by unparalleled impudence, gave public lectures (as he called them) in Edinburgh. To the honour of the police, he was imprisoned, and the prohibition to his lectures was afterwards followed by the city of Newcastle, and the justices of Northumberland and Durham; yet he had lectured two years in London unchecked.

LETTER

L E T T E R III.

Quid tristes querimoniz,
Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?

HOR.

I NOW send you a few particulars, in which Edinburgh has made *little or no change* since 1763.

IN 1783—The slaughter-houses remain where they did, in spite of an act of parliament for their removal, and the universal complaint of the inhabitants of the nuisance, with the testimony of physicians and surgeons, of their pernicious effects to health.

IN 1783—The old city of Edinburgh, tho' situated by nature for being one of the cleanest in the world, cannot even yet be complimented in this respect; and, although the High Street was lately sunk five feet upon a rapid declivity, it was never thought of making common sewers on each side. The ancient river *Tumble*, like the *Flavus Tiber* of old Rome, still continues to run.

Rusticus expectat, dum defluit amnis; at ille

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

IN 1783—The lighting of the streets is much the same as in 1763; for, although there are more lamps

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and

and lamp-posts, there is no more oil. At the first lighting they serve only to make "darkness visible;" and they are now much sooner extinct than in the regular and decent 1763, when people were at home early, and went to bed by eleven o'clock *.

IN 1783—The city-guard consists of the same number of men as in 1763, although the city is triple the extent, and the manners more loose. The High Street is the only one that can be said to be guarded. The New Town, and all the streets to the south, and suburbs, are totally unprotected.

N. B. The country in general has improved much in the English language since 1763; but the city-guard seem to preserve the purity of their *native Gaelic tongue*, so that few of the citizens understand or are understood by them. On disbanding the army, one would have imagined that a corps of good men, who understood English, might have been got in place of Mountaineers.

IN 1783—The Charity Workhouse is starving, and soliciting supplies, and Edinburgh is the only place in the island that does not provide for its poor; yet magnificent dancing assembly-rooms are built in every quarter. The people belonging to the courts of law indeed, pay no poor's money, although the most opulent part of the community; and

* Since the above remark was made, the lamps have been better attended to.

and they send a large proportion of managers to dispose of funds to which they do not contribute !

IN 1783—The Old Town is still without public necessities, although the best situated place perhaps in Britain for the purpose, and the Old Town never can be cleanly without them. There is one exception to this since 1763, raised by subscription of the neighbourhood, on the application of a citizen, which shows how practicable it is.

IN 1783—A great majority of servant maids continue their abhorrence at wearing shoes and stockings in the morning.

IN 1783—The streets are infested, as formerly, by idle ballad-fingers, although no person, by the law of the borough, is allowed to hawk or cry papers in the streets, but the Cadies, under cognisance of the magistrates. The only difference is, that their ballads are infinitely more loose than they were, and that servants and citizens children make excuses to be absent, to listen to these abominable promoters of vice and low manners, and convey corruption into families by purchasing them.

IN 1783—The streets are much more infested with beggars and prostitutes than in any former period of the history of the city, and probably will continue to be so till a bridewell is provided : A bridewell has been long talked of and projected ; but this most necessa-

ry improvement has been forgotten, in the rage for the embellishment of the city.

IN 1783—The University is in the same ruinous condition that it was in 1763, and the most celebrated university at present in Europe is the worst accommodated: Some of the professors are even obliged to have lecturing-rooms without the college for their numerous students.

IN 1763—The public records of Scotland were kept in a dungeon called the Laigh Parliament-house.

IN 1783—The records are kept in the same place, although a most magnificent building has been erected for the purpose; but hitherto it has been unfinished, and only occupied by pigeons. Edinburgh may indeed boast of having the most magnificent pigeon-house in Europe*.

ALTHOUGH the North Bridge was not built in 1763, yet, ever since it has been built, the open balusters have been complained of; and, in 1783, passengers continue to be blown from the pavement into the mud in the middle of the bridge. An experiment was made last year, by shutting up part of these ballusters, on the south end; and having been found effectual in defending passengers from the violent

* Since the above was written, measures have been taken for finishing the Register Office, and it is now in great forwardness.

lent gusts of wind, and screening their eyes from blood and slaughter, *nothing more* has been thought requisite to be done*.

MANY of the facts I have now furnished you with are curious. They point out the gradual progress of luxury, and by what imperceptible degrees society may advance to refinement, nay even in some points to corruption, yet matters of real utility be neglected.—I am, &c.

THEOPHRASTUS.

E. C.

[Soon after the publication of the foregoing Letters, the following appeared.]

S I R,

Edin. Jan. 26. 1784.

IT was with very great pleasure I read the three letters, signed THEOPHRASTUS. That gentleman deserves the thanks of every person who is interested in the cause of religion and virtue. The number of facts which he has collected, illustrative of the manners and modes of living in our metropolis, from the year 1763 to the year 1783, must strike every person of observation with amazement; and calls aloud for the

* Since the above was written, the ballusters on the west side of the North Bridge have been filled up.

the exertion of every virtuous citizen, to lend his aid to stem the tide of profligacy that is pouring in amongst us.—The following strictures are meant as supplementary to Theophrastus's letters, upon a subject which he has briefly touched, and which seems to take the lead of the present reigning vices of the age.

OF all the writers of antiquity, whether philosophers or poets, I know none who conveys the sublime precepts of morality with such force and energy as Horace. Of his moral odes, there is none, in my opinion, that, in elevation of sentiment, poetical imagery, and force of expression, exceeds the 6th of the 3d book. In this ode, Horace tells his countrymen, that their contempt of religion, profligacy, and corruption of manners, were the sole causes which had nearly overturned the state, and had brought misfortune and misery into every family! "If you are masters of the world, says he, it is because you have acknowledged the heavenly powers to be your masters: This is the foundation of all your grandeur: Upon it depends the success of all your enterprises: It is owing to irreligion that Italy has felt her late disgraces and mournful disasters *."—From these truths, the poet proceeds to point out the source of those particular vices which had overspread
all

* Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt,
Hesperiae mala luctuosæ.

all ranks of the people.—“ The present age, says Horace, so fruitful in vice, has rent asunder the sacred bond of marriage, and introduced corruption of blood into families and private houses: From adultery, as from a fountain, are derived the whole disasters both in public and private life *.”—I will not shock my countrywomen with an interpretation of the last of the stanzas quoted below, which, however applicable to the ladies of Rome in that age, and, perhaps, to those of our sister metropolis in the present, yet, I am willing to think, is not yet so to the sex in this northern latitude—Heaven forbid that it ever should !

As in Rome before its fall, so in Britain in the present age, amongst other vicious pursuits, that of criminal gallantry appears to take the lead. In vice, as in other things, there is a fashion, which, like a contagion, soon spreads itself over all ranks. Altho' its progression is gradual, yet, that we in Scotland are advancing, and not by slow steps, the annals of

* *Fecunda culpæ secula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos.*

Hoc fonte derivata clades,

In patriam populumque fluxit !

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus,

Jam nunc et incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui,

Mox juniores quærit adulteros

Inter mariti vina ———.

a *certain Court* *, speak aloud ! From them, it will appear, that, within these forty years, for one process of adultery then recorded in that Court, there are now twenty in the same space of time : The reason is apparent. Forty years ago, there was some religion amongst us : Adultery was believed to be a crime, both with respect to Heaven and the moral ties of society ; nay, with regard to the last, it was held to be a capital crime, and, by the laws of the land, was punished as such : But these will be called rude times and Gothic laws. Will it be believed, that almost within the memory of living people, two persons of respectable rank were publicly brought to trial, convicted, and put to death, upon the statutory act of King William for adultery †. It would be a most alarming affair to a number of fashionable people of the present times, were the above laws to be put in execution ; and yet, were a private party injured, to bring a criminal prosecution for adultery, against the persons who had injured him, I can conceive no defence that would avail against the competency of such trial, or the consequent punishment on their conviction.

IN

* The Commissary Court.

† See in the records of the Court of Justiciary 1694, the trial of Daniel Nicolson, writer in Edinburgh, and Mrs Marion Maxwell, widow of Mr David Pringle surgeon, indicted at the instance of the Crown, for adultery and criminal co-habitation : Upon the verdict of an assize, finding the libel proven, the Lords adjudged Daniel Nicolson to be hanged, and Mrs Pringle to be beheaded.

IN the days of our fathers, the crime of adultery, we see, was capital; the guilty persons were declared infamous, and punished with death! Let us turn to the present time: We now in this, as in other fashionable vices, follow, with swift pace, our neighbours beyond the Tweed, and on the Continent. There, with impunity, two criminals publish their guilt, and, adding to their infamy the crime of perjury, by a breach of that vow which they had solemnly sworn at the altar to preserve inviolate till death; and, by another horrid piece of mockery, in the face of Heaven, they rush together in marriage, bidding defiance to shame, religion, honour, and reputation!—*Pudet hac opprobria dici.*—I will not say that in this country we are yet arrived at the same pitch of vice; but, as we are daily taking large strides in following the fashions and manners of our neighbours, how soon we may reach the same degree in the scale is a thought that every person of virtue must shudder to think of!

MANNERS and fashions take their rise among the great, and from them descend to the people. We see, in the last century, how far the example of the Sovereign affected the manners of the people with respect to gallantry; yet, loose and dissipated as the court of Charles the Second then was, it may be deemed chaste in comparison with the manners of the present age: With this aggravation, that, were the example of the Prince to be followed, we see in our present Sovereign

vereign and his Queen, two as eminent patterns of religion and virtue as ever adorned a Throne!

I SHALL resume this subject in a future letter.

I am, &c.

HORATIUS.

E. C.

LETTER II.

IT must strike every thinking person with amazement to be told, that in England there is no punishment for the crime of Adultery; that it is there considered only as a private injury, which entitles the person injured to an action for damages. Nay, a divorce is not consequent to the conviction of this crime; it only operates a separation from bed and board. It requires a particular act of parliament, on full proof the of adultery; and, even in that case, an alimony is awarded to the adulterers! Shall we then wonder at the frequency of this crime in England, when, in place of punishment, it is avowedly committed as an expedient for two guilty persons to get free of one marriage, that they may enjoy their criminality under the mock sanction of a new marriage? Let it be remembered, to the honour of the present Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, that, in a late case before

fore the House of Lords, where it appeared that the criminal intercourse had been carried on in the most open manner, with the view of obtaining a divorce, that the two criminal persons might be at liberty to marry; in this case, although the adultery was proved, yet divorce was refused to the adulterers.—Such a check will no doubt have the effect to make criminals more cautious in their design at least, tho' I doubt of its having the effect, in these loose times, to operate a reformation,

LET not, however, offenders in this country flatter themselves, that adultery is not punishable by the law of Scotland. It is declared capital by the statutory law of King William, and we know of no subsequent law that has repealed these statutes. If it shall be alledged, that the laws are in desuetude which declare this crime capital, let it be remembered that there are other penal laws in fresh observance which ought to strike these offenders with terror. By the law of Scotland, after divorce, a subsequent marriage between the two guilty persons is declared void and null, and the issue incapable to succeed to their parents (1600, James Sixth.) 2dly, The offenders are cut off from every benefit of their former marriage; the man forfeits the wife's marriage portion, and the adulteress her marriage provision, jointure, &c. and is turned out to beggary and infamy. Thus, at present, stands the law of Scotland with respect to adultery. How far the Ministers of Law are called upon, by office, to put

them in execution, they and the public will judge; but if ever the circumstances of time called for such exertion to save a nation, the present does! I wave mentioning a certain old law, called the Seventh Commandment, which is enforced by the Divine Author of our religion, as I am afraid these authorities, with people of fashion, are now fallen into desuetude. I shall therefore leave them to the lower rank of people, and such as may still think it their duty to go to church, where, if they do not hear them read, and enforced from the pulpit, they may consult the Ten Commandments, as written at large on the church walls, the only passages of Scripture which perhaps they do read. I shall conclude with a short address to both sexes, to endeavour to open their eyes to the certain misery and ruin that attends this crime.

THOU Man of Mode and Gallantry! thou plume thyself upon thy nice honour, virtue, humanity!—words always in thy mouth: How opposite to these principles is thy practice! Wouldst thou hesitate to rob a friend, or beggar his family! Let me thunder it in your ears—you do so in fact!—By a thousand vile arts, you insinuate yourself into his family and confidence; you, like a thief, under trust, basely steal from him what he holds most dear, the affections of the wife of his bosom! You deprive, till then an honest woman, of her morals, her virtue, her religion! and consign her to infamy. You deprive a race of helpless infants of a tender parent,
and

and reduce a whole family to ruin ! The loss of money may be repaired ; but to rob a husband of his wife, to have the fountain polluted from whence every stream of domestic happiness is derived, is of all miseries the most bitter and complicated. Deprived of the happiness which he enjoyed at home, the reward of his toil and virtuous labour, his industry flags, and gives way to carelessness and dissipation ; despair not unfrequently takes place, and murder completes the catastrophe !

AND thou, infatuated Woman ! once the respected wife of a virtuous husband ! the sharer of his fortune, the delight of his heart, the mother of his infants ! how art thou fallen !—Seduced from the path of virtue, what misery attends your steps !—Your short career of folly is run !—Torn from your helpless babes, on whose innocent heads your infamy descends ; thrown out by your husband from the house where once you was mistress ! the hospitable door now shut against you ! despised by your friends, deserted by your vile seducer, and at last abandoned to want, misery, and remorse !

SUCH, thou Man of Gallantry, are the triumphs of thy vile arts ! If the worm within thy breast does not awake thee to remorse, walk on in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thine own eyes ! a few years puts a period to thy vicious course ; with the decay of thy passions thy punishment commences ;

When

———When the hey-day of the blood is past,
 Thou fall'st into the fear and yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 Thou must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, both loud and deep!

THESE are the attendants of thy old age! a just preparative, in this life, for the miseries that await thee in the next!——I am, &c.

H O R A T I U S,

E. C.

[The following letter was also occasioned by the comparative view of Edinburgh in the 1763 and 1783, and introduced in the following manner.——“ Were the example of this correspondent to be followed throughout Britain, a most curious and valuable collection of facts might be made, illustrative of the progress of society, and of manners. It might serve as an hour's amusement to the minister of the parish, the school master, or any judicious observer, to collect a short view of such facts as have happened within their respective parishes. With respect to giving a view of the increase of the population of the country, the number of scholars at the parish schools might be mentioned at the different periods; for, in general,

neral, even the lowest peasantry in Scotland are taught to read, and are instructed in the principles of morality and religion.—We shall gladly receive the communications.]

S I R,

I LIVE in a country parish forty miles north-east of Edinburgh. The length of the parish is two miles, the breadth one mile, and about 120 families live in it. I am a constant reader of your useful paper; and seeing Theophrastus's curious and excellent observations upon the metropolis, I was induced to make the following remarks upon the parish in which I have lived for twenty-six years. If you think them worth the inserting in your paper, they are much at your service. I am, &c. P. C.

IN 1763—Land was rented at six shillings, on an average, per acre: Only two small farms were inclosed.

IN 1783—Land is rented at eighteen shillings per acre: All inclosed with thorn hedges and stone dykes.

IN 1763—No wheat was sown in the parish, except half an acre by the minister: No grafs nor turnip sown, no cabbages or potatoes planted in open fields.

IN

IN 1783—Above one hundred acres are sown with wheat: About three-fifths of the ground are under grass, turnips, cabbages, and potatoes.

IN 1763—Land was ploughed with oxen; a few horses only were kept to draw the harrows in seed-time, and to bring in the corns in harvest. Seven pounds was thought a great price for a horse.

IN 1783—Oxen are not employed in agriculture: Farmers have their saddle horses, value from fifteen to twenty pounds, work horses from ten to fifteen pounds each.

IN 1763—The wages of servants that followed the plough were three pounds per year; maid servants one pound ten shillings.

IN 1783—Men servants wages are seven or eight pounds, some ten pounds; maid servants three pounds per year.

IN 1763—Day-labourers were at sixpence per day, and tailors at threepence per day.

IN 1783—Both are doubled in their wages.

IN 1763—No English cloth was worn but by the minister, and a quaker.

IN 1783—There are few who do not wear English cloth, and several the best superfine.

IN

IN 1763—Mens stockings, in general, were made of what was called plaiding hose, made of white woollen cloth; the women wore coarse plaids; not a cloak nor bonnet wore by the women in the whole parish.

IN 1783—Cotton and thread stockings are common, and some have silk; the women who wear plaids have them fine, and faced with silk; silk cloaks and bonnets are very numerous.

IN 1763—There were only two hats worn in the parish; the men wore cloth bonnets.

IN 1783—Few bonnets are worn; the bonnetmaker trade, in the next parish, is given up.

IN 1763—There was *one eight-day clock* in the parish, *six watches*, and *two tea kettles*.

IN 1783—There are *twenty-one clocks*, above *one hundred watches*, and *above eighty tea kettles*.

IN 1763—The people in this parish never visited each other but at Christmas, the entertainment was broth and beef, the visitors sent to an ale-house for five or six pints of ale, were merry over it without any ceremony.

IN 1783—People visit each other often, a few neighbours are invited to one house to dinner, six or

seven dishes set on the table, elegantly dressed; after dinner, a large bowl of rum punch is drunk, then tea, and again another bowl; after that supper, and what is called the grace drink.

IN 1763—All persons in the parish attended divine worship on Sunday. There were only four seceders in the parish. Sunday was regularly and religiously observed.

IN 1783—There is such a disregard of public worship and ordinances, that few attend divine worship with that attention which was formerly given. Ignorance prevails, although privileged with excellent instructions in public sermons, in examination, and in visiting from house to house by our pastor. When the form of religion is disregarded, surely the power of it is near dissolution.

IN 1763—Few in this parish were guilty of the breach of the third commandment. The name of God was revered and held sacred.

IN 1783—The third commandment seems to be almost forgotten, and swearing abounds. I may say the same of all the rest of the ten, as to public practice.

THE decay of religion and growth of vice, in this parish, is very remarkable within these twenty years.

E. C.

[Soon

[Soon after the foregoing comparisons of the 1763 and 1783, the following appeared.

Sept. 10. 1785.

IN a late paper was briefly mentioned, in general terms, the state of the British nation in 1763 and 1783, at the conclusion of the two wars. Within that short period, we have seen the most astonishing events and revolutions in Europe, Asia, and America, that the history of mankind can produce in so limited a space of time. We have also seen evidence of the discovery of new countries, new people, new planets; and the discoveries in science and philosophy are such as the human mind had hitherto no conception of. In short, the history of politics, commerce, religion, literature, and manners, during this short period, opens a rich field for the genius of the historian and philosopher. The brief chronicles of the day are only suited to record striking facts. I mean, at present, but shortly to give a few particulars respecting the political state of Britain at the conclusion of the wars 1763 and 1783. To some this view, perhaps, will be displeasing, because it is not flattering; but, if it is true, it calls for reflection and exertion.

IN 1763—Britain was in her meridian glory; she was crowned with victory, rich with conquest, mi-

streets of the seas, and held the balance of power in Europe.

IN 1783—The sun of Britain's glory (to use Lord Chatham's words) is set. She is returned from an unsuccessful war loaded with debt, but after the noblest struggle against the most ungenerous combination of powerful foes which the world ever saw *. In this struggle her own children bore a principal part against her; while faction and divided councils at home contributed to her want of success. Her command of the sea is disputed, and the balance of power is wrested from her hands.

IN 1763—The British dominions in America extended from the North Pole, or, to narrow the view, from the northern parts of Hudson's Bay to Cape Florida—a stretch of continent of 2500 miles, extending from the frozen to the torrid zone.

IN 1783—The British dominions in America are confined to the northern provinces of Canada and part of Nova Scotia, with *the lesser division* of three great lakes; the proud British nation having been stripped of all the rest by the machinations of an *American Printer*, but a *Philosopher*!

IN

* Britain, unassisted, sustained this war against France, Spain, Holland, America, and the East Indian tribes, so that 10,000,000 may be said to have fought against 60,000,000 of people, the most opulent and powerful in the world!

IN 1763—The British conquests in Asia were also rapid, rich, and extensive. She soon possessed more territory in Asia than the kingdoms of France and Britain put together; and Oriental Monarchs owned her dominion,

IN 1783—The British have been unsuccessful, and were on the point of being stripped of all their rich possessions in the East.

IN 1763—The shares of the East India Company stock sold from 260*l.* to 275*l.* per cent. so flourishing were the British affairs in the East.

IN 1783—The East India Company were termed Bankrupts in the British Parliament; and the stock, which was 275*l.* fell to 118*l.* per cent.

IN 1763—The national debt of Britain amounted to 140,000,000*l.*

IN 1785—The national debt is reckoned above 272,000,000*l.* a sum which the human mind can hardly form an idea of. To give some assistance to conceive it: Were it to be laid down in guineas in a line it would extend upwards of 4300 miles in length: Were it to be paid in shillings, it would extend three times and a half round the globe: And, if paid in solid silver, would require 60,400 horses to draw it, at the rate of fifteen hundred weight to each horse.

IN

IN 1763—The annual national interest was 4,688,177*l.* 11*s.*

IN 1783—The annual national interest and expenditure is above 15,000,000*l.* or 41,000*l.* daily; for which every article of life and commerce is heavily taxed, and Britain alone bears the burden. This daily interest would require a person a day to count it out, at the rate of 60 guineas every minute incessantly, which no one could do.

IN 1763—The 3 per cent. consols were sold from 93*l.* to 95*l.* per cent.

IN 1783—The same Government fund was as low as 53*l.* per cent.

IN 1763—The British empire was great, powerful, and extensive, and harmony reigned through all its branches.

IN 1783—The empire is dismembered; America, by successful rebellion, is independent, and separated from Britain; Ireland, in the hour of distress, took the opportunity of laying the same claim to independence; Scotland has remained loyal and attached, has supplied the armies and navies, and silently bears her share of debt and misfortune.

WHEN the reader has made this survey, he will probably think that virtue and industry will be necessary

cessary to retrieve the affairs of Britain, and to render her happy and respectable, if not proud and triumphing. Let him then cast an eye to the motives that influence political conduct, to the characters of the great, to the manners of the capital, and of the people in general; and let him say if he discovers public and private virtue flourishing; if he perceives humility, œconomy, moderation; or if he discovers selfishness, luxury, supineness, and vicious indulgence of every kind. Does he see the *amor patriæ* glow with purity and ardour in the breasts of British Senators? Is faction and party lost in united exertions for the good of the whole? Or, are wealth and power the sole objects of ambition? Are our young men in general trained to manly thinking, and manly virtues, with a contempt for low pleasures and vice? Or, are intemperance, sensuality, and dissipation, from an early period, the objects of pursuit?—Look to their conversation, and their conduct, and say if ever a nation of abandoned voluptuaries rose to happiness and greatness? Is this the time when it may be said of Britain, that “all her sons are brave, and all her daughters virtuous?”

THEOPHRASTUS.

E. C.

[The

[The following paper is taken from the Edinburgh Evening Courant.]

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

August 30. 1783.

WHILE the Russians and the Turks are cutting each others throats, in order to fill each others pockets; while the Americans are contending who shall govern, and who shall obey; while the French are using the English, as we are told the English have been wont to use the French; while Ministers are fixing themselves firmly in the saddle of their political hobby horse; while the Irish, by their militia, and the Scotch, by their want of a militia, excite commotions, and revolutions, and liberty, and all that; while great men are ambitious to prove themselves little men; while every man who can write thinks it ought to be in the service of the state; while every man who can eat thinks he has a right to do it at the public expence; while all these things are in the minds and attentions of the world, and since the sun shines alike on me and on them; while our eyes and ears, and noses and understandings, are made of the same materials and essences as theirs; since time, and chance, and fortune, are the same to us as to them; since death will come on all alike, and seize them like *a thief in the night*, which, in the
case

case of some, will be *setting a thief to catch a thief*: since happiness, and every good thing, is as open to us as to them; since the hopes of felicity are not confined to the Cabinet, nor to the Houses of Parliament, nor to the public offices, any more than to the public feasts; and since a man may be completely happy, who neither sells stock nor his conscience; since, I say, all these things are so,

Let us, since life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze, but not without a plan.

YES, let us pursue the innocent delights which the book and the pen afford, and by persevering in the rigid guardianship of our integrity, enable ourselves to view the fall of states and of ministers, "in the calm light of mild philosophy." I shall, therefore, by the permission of all great men, and, I hope, the approbation of all good ones, try to find some entertainment from pursuits and lucubrations on which we may look back with satisfaction.

MEN are, in every respect, like books: Books live and die, are old and young, are good and bad, are neither good nor bad, just like men; and he who reads bad books will be as bad a man as he who keeps bad company.

ACCORDING to the best writers on the subject of politeness (among whom I reckon Fielding, Swift,

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and

and Lord Chesterfield), "he is the most polite man who makes his company easy and happy in his presence." To apply this to books, that book is the best which tends to make men happy and easy. And this, I trust, will include a very great collection of the best authors in our language, particularly the writers on morality and piety, which therefore ought to be read with more attention, and oftener than any others. In the company of polite men, it is impossible not to imbibe a portion of their spirit; in reading good books, it is equally impossible to escape good and salutary impressions. No man ever was rude and boorish, after spending the evening with Chesterfield, and, I will venture to say, no man ever went from the *Whole Duty of Man* to a tavern, from the Bible to a bagnio, or from the *Spectator* to the seduction of a wife or a daughter. No man ever swore false witness against his neighbour, after reading a *Commentary on the Commandments*, nor felt an ambition to raise himself to worldly honours by dishonest means, after perusing a *Treatise on Death*.

BUT all men are not polite, nor are all books good; infinite is the variety of merit both in men and books. I must take notice but of a very few diversities, which I the less regret, because the subject is open to every man's experience.

SOME books contain a great portion of instruction, conveyed in very few words, and the oftener we read them the more we learn; some men also
there

there are who say little, but what they say is the result of deep judgment and knowledge of the subject. Hence I would rather read Solomon's Proverbs than Seneca's Morals, and listen to Charles Fox in preference to Edmund Burke: Hence one page of Hume's Essays (where he does not betray his infidelity) contains more philosophy than is to be found in all Rousseau's writings; and hence a short speech from Lord Mansfield is in general worth all the speeches of the pleaders who speak before him on a trial.

SOME men say a great deal about nothing at all, and when they have exhausted their strength in speaking to you for a whole evening, you cannot recollect that they have ever said any thing which is worth remembering, or affects the judgment. Some books, too, talk a great deal *about it*, and *about it*, and when you come to the *finis*, you wonder what the d—l the author would be at. Such is the case with the greater part of Sterne's celebrated work, where the author, under an air of pretended mystery, endeavours to conceal nothing at all; and when you have finished, you remember that you have been now and then tickled, but you cannot help thinking that there is more real wit and just satire in a very few pages in Swift or Fielding than in the whole book,

IN the company of some men it is impossible to avoid getting drunk; they take a peculiar pleasure

in seeing their guests reeling out of their houses, and committing riots, or going to bad houses afterwards. There are also some books in which the passions are so perverted and inflamed, that their readers generally seek for indulgences in the haunts of infamy. Hence the major part of *novels* are dangerous company. The subject of their pages is love, which ten to one but they change into lust before the work is finished. For my own part, had I daughter, sister, or other female, whose education was entrusted to me, I would as soon place her in the company of any of those infamous wretches, who, by their prostitution, have raised themselves from carts to coaches, as put modern novels into her hands. For if, by the reading of such books, the designs of a seducer are speedily facilitated, what is it to me that her ruin was completed by a book, and not by a bagnio?—Of such books, therefore, we ought to be as cautious as of men who make us drunk, and take pleasure in the follies consequent on insensibility.

THE world has been little obliged to those writers who have bestowed their time and talents to inflame the passions, to relax the principles of morality, and to prove that a man of no principle may be what the world calls a *fine fellow*. Such, however, are the heroes of many modern novels and comedies.

SOME men are fond of telling stories; their conversation from beginning to end is a string of jests,
in

in one hundred of which there is not, perhaps, one that will bear repetition. Some books also there are, such as Joe Miller, and Ben Johnson's Jests, which contain a series of low jests and buffoonries. Such men and such books rarely do much good, and very soon become disgusting: And I have generally remarked, that a mere story telling man is a man of few ideas, and such a man is as disgusting as a book of blank leaves.

SOME men are full of information of the best kind. It is impossible to be in their company without having our judgment enlarged, and our stock of experience increased. Some books, too, there are, which contain information in every page, and we have recourse to them again and again in all cases of necessity. Other men there are who borrow all their knowledge from the whim of the day, and who retail prejudices and lies, as "proofs of holy writ;" and other books there are, which contain nothing, but what every one knows, and generally a great deal more than is consistent with truth, justice, or honesty.—Hence I would rather study the constitution of England from Hume, Smollet, and De Lolme, than from the newspapers, and hence I would examine the actions of a statesman, rather by what he has done than what he has said; hence I would rather keep company with Mr Gibbon than a horse jockey, and should expect better information from the conversation of a Robertson, Watson, or a Ferguson, than from the clerks of a counting-

ing-house, or the toad-eaters of a statesman ; hence I should expect to know more of the science of government, and the revolutions of states and kingdoms, from historians than from annalists, as the latter generally bear to the historians the same proportion that paragraphs do to history.

LASTLY, I must state a superiority which the reader, has over him who keeps company. It consists in the patience and meekness with which books bear whatever you may advance against their arguments. I have condemned parts of Swift with great indignation, but he never reviled me ; and I have thrown Smollet on the table in disgust, and he never said, *Why do you so ?* Such things cannot be done in company. Besides, you may light your pipe with whatever offends you in Horace, and he seeks no revenge. You may kick Fielding to the end of the room, and there he lies as mute as a fish. You may paper band-boxes with the obnoxious parts of Voltaire, and he murmurs not. Political writers may be sent to the necessary, and there (quiet inoffensive men !) they will behave with as much propriety as when alive, Poets may be put under tarts, and philosophers wrapped round pounds of butter, and yet neither the rhymes of the one, nor the resentment of the other, be kindled against you. If Congreve offends you, you may sell snuff in the obnoxious leaves ; and, if Ben Johnson's levity displeases, you may stick pins in his plays.

Woe

WOE unto literature in these days of degeneracy ! woe unto the Nine Muses and their suitors ! how many epics have stood between the candle and candlestick ? how many histories have been employed in twist tobacco ? and how many philosophers have been made into thread papers, their arguments into paper kites, and their conclusions into threepenny crackers on a birth-day ?—and yet with what patience and long-suffering they bear all these indignities. I tell thee, reader, and I tell thee truth, that such forbearance and patience ought to dictate to thee, that there is no hardship in the contempt of the worthless, and that he who, in his writings, has not said against his conscience, nor violated the laws of rectitude, may bid defiance to the whole army of pastry cooks, trunkmakers, milliners, and venders of snuff, tape, and tobacco.

E. C.

[A few days after the appearance of the foregoing letter, the following was published.]

IN no point has our boasted liberty made a more rapid progress towards licentiousness, than in the freedom of the press. A late correspondent remarked, “ that a bad book ought as much to be guarded against

against as a bad companion." There certainly is nothing more true, and yet the most dangerous books are daily published uncensored; and a mean, ignorant, mercenary, or unprincipled publisher, may spread poison daily more detrimental than arsenic. Some books, like men, acquire great reputation by some brilliant points, while the general tendency, like the general character, is never investigated.

IN no instance is this more remarkable than in the writings of the celebrated Rousseau. The annals of literature never exhibited to the world a more paradoxical, whimsical, ingenious, eloquent, weak, and dangerous author.

THIS author's works have been much read, while few have examined the truth of his pictures, or analyzed the consistency or tendency of his doctrines. In the preface to his novel, he says, "Chaste girls never read romances; and the girl who reads four pages of this is undone."

YET no books are more called for at Circulating Libraries than romances, and none more than his. With such sentiments he gives his book to the world, and then presumes to write another upon education.

THE following fragment, which I lately met with, said to be found among some old MSS. it is believed, will convey, in a strong and true light, what

what is said of his writings, and may, perhaps, lead some people to think when they read.

I am, &c.

CATO.

A P R O P H E C Y

Found in an Old Manuscript.

IN those days a strange person shall appear in France, coming from the borders of a lake, and he shall cry to the people, Behold I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I have received the gift of incoherence; I am a philosopher, and a professor of paradoxes.

AND a multitude shall follow him, and many shall believe in him.

AND he shall say to them, You are all knaves and fools; and your wives and daughters are debauched; and I will come and live among you. And he shall abuse the natural gentleness of the people by his foul speeches.

AND he shall cry aloud, "All men are virtuous in the country where I was born; but I will not live in the country where I was born."

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AND

AND he shall maintain, that arts and sciences necessarily corrupt the manners; and he shall write upon all arts and sciences.

AND he shall declare the theatre a source of prostitution and corruption, and he shall write operas and comedies.

AND he shall affirm savages only are virtuous, though he has never lived among savages, but he shall be worthy to live among them.

AND he shall say to men, cast away your fine garments, and go naked, and he himself shall wear laced cloaths when they are given him.

AND he shall say to the great, "they are more despicable than their fortunes;" but he shall frequent their houses, and they shall behold him as a curious animal brought from a strange land.

AND his occupation shall be to copy French music, and he shall say there is no French music.

AND he shall declare romances destructive to morality, and he shall write a romance, and, in his romance, the words shall be virtuous, and the morals wicked; and his characters shall be outrageous lovers and philosophers.

AND he shall say to the universe, "I am a favourite
rite

rite of fortune; I write and I receive love-letters:" and the universe shall see the letters he received were written by himself.

AND in his romance he shall teach the art of suborning a maiden by philosophy; and she shall learn from her lover to forget shame, and become ridiculous, and write maxims.

AND she shall give her lover the first kiss upon his lips, and shall invite him to lie with her, and he shall lie with her, and she shall become big with metaphysics, and her billet-doux shall be homilies of philosophy.

AND he shall teach her that parents have no authority in the choice of a husband, and he shall paint them barbarous and unnatural.

AND he shall refuse wages from the father, because of the delicacy natural to men, and receive money underhand from the daughter, which he shall prove to be exceedingly proper.

AND he shall get drunk with an English Lord, who shall insult him; and he shall propose to fight with the English Lord; and his mistress, who has lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide upon that of men; and she shall teach him, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight.

AND he shall receive a pension from the Lord, and shall go to Paris, where he shall not frequent the society of well-bred and sensible people, but of flirts and *petit-maitres*, and he shall believe he has seen Paris.

AND he shall write to his mistress that the women are grenadiers, go naked, and refuse nothing to any man they chance to meet.

AND when the same women shall receive him at their country-houses, and amuse themselves with his vanity, he shall say they are prodigies of reason and virtue.

AND the *petit-maitres* shall bring him to a brothel, and he shall get drunk like a fool, and lie with strange women, and write an account of all this to his mistress, and she shall thank him,

AND he shall receive his mistress's picture, and his imagination shall kindle at the sight; and his mistress shall give him obscene lessons on solitary chastity,

AND this mistress shall marry the first man that arrives from the world's end; and, notwithstanding all her craft, she shall imagine no means to break off the match; and she shall pass intrepidly from her lover's to her husband's arms,

AND

AND her husband shall know, before his marriage, that she is desperately in love with and beloved by another man; and he shall voluntarily make them miserable; but he shall be a good man, and, moreover, an Atheist.

AND his wife shall immediately find herself exceedingly happy, and shall write to her lover—that, were she still free, she would prefer her husband to him.

AND the philosophic lover shall resolve to kill himself.

AND he shall write a long dissertation, to prove that a man ought to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and his friend shall prove the thing not worth the trouble; and the philosopher shall not kill himself.

AND he shall make the tour of the globe, to give his mistress's children time to grow, that he may return to be their preceptor, and teach them virtue, as he taught their mother.

AND the philosopher shall see nothing in his tour round the globe.

AND he shall return to Europe.

AND the husband of his mistress, though acquainted

quainted with their whole intrigue, shall bring his good friend to his house.

AND the virtuous wife shall leap upon his neck at his entrance, and the husband shall be charmed; and they shall all three embrace every day; and the husband shall be jocose upon their adventures, and shall believe they are become reasonable; and they shall continue to love with extasy, and shall delight to remember their voluptuousness; and they shall walk hand in hand, and weep.

AND the philosopher being in a boat, with his mistress alone, shall be inclined to throw her overboard, and jump after her.

AND they shall call all this virtue and philosophy.

AND while they talk of virtue and philosophy, no one shall be able to comprehend what is either virtue or philosophy.

AND they shall prove virtue no longer to consist in the fear of temptation, but in the pleasure of being continually exposed to it; and philosophy shall be the art of making vice amiable.

AND the philosopher's mistress shall have a few trees, and a small stream in her garden; and she shall
call

call her gardens Elysium, and no one shall be able to comprehend her.

AND she shall feed the wanton sparrows in her Elysium; and she shall watch her domestics, male and female, lest they should be as amorous as herself.

AND she shall sup with her day-labourers, and hold them in great respect; and shall beat hemp with them, with her philosopher at her side.

AND her philosopher will determine to beat hemp the next day, the day after, and every day of his life.

AND the labourers shall sing, and the philosopher shall be enchanted by their melodies, although not Italian.

AND she shall educate her children with great care, and shall not let them speak before strangers, nor hear the name of God.

AND she shall gormandize; but she shall eat beans and pease seldom, and only in the temple of Apollo, and this shall be philosophic forbearance.

AND she shall write to her good friend, that she continues as she began, that is, to love him passionately.

AND

AND the husband shall send the letter to the lover.

AND they shall not know what is become of the lover.

AND they shall not care what is become of the lover.

AND the whole romance shall be useful, good, and moral; for it shall prove that daughters have a right to dispose of their hearts, hands, and favours, without consulting parents, or regarding the inequality of conditions.

AND it shall shew that, while you talk of virtue, it is useless to practise it.

AND that it is the duty of a young girl to go to bed to one man, and marry another.

AND that it is sufficient for those who deliver themselves up to vice to feel a temporary remorse for virtue.

AND that a husband ought to open his doors and his arms to his wife's lover.

AND that the wife ought to have him for ever in her arms, and take in good part the husband's jokes and the lover's whims.

AND

AND she ought to prove, or believe she has proved, that love between married people is useless and impertinent.

AND this book shall be written in an emphatic style, which shall impose upon simple people.

AND the author shall abound in words, and shall suppose he abounds in arguments.

AND he shall heap one exaggeration upon another, and he shall have no exceptions.

AND he shall wish to be forcible; and he shall be extravagant; and he shall always industriously draw general conclusions from particular cases.

AND he shall neither know simplicity, truth, or nature; and he shall apply all his force to explain the easiest or most trifling things; and sarcasm shall be thought reason, and his talents shall caricature virtue, and overthrow good sense; and he shall gaze upon the phantoms of his brain, and his eyes shall never see reality.

AND, like empirics, who make wounds to shew the power of their specifics, he shall poison souls, that he may have the glory of curing them; and the poison shall act violently on the mind and on the heart; but the antidote shall act on the mind only, and the poison shall prevail.

R

AND

AND he shall vaunt that he has dug a pit, and think himself free from reproach, by saying, "Woe be to the young girls that fall into my pit; I have warned them of it in my preface."—And young girls never read prefaces.

AND when, in his romance, he shall have mutually degraded philosophy by manners, and manners by philosophy, he shall say, a corrupt people must have romances.

AND he shall also say, a corrupt people must have rogues.

AND he shall leave the world to draw the conclusion.

AND he shall add, to justify himself for having written a book where vice predominates, that he lived in an age when it was impossible to be good.

AND, to excuse himself, he shall calumniate all mankind.

AND shall threaten to despise all those who do not believe in his book.

AND virtuous people shall consider his folly with an eye of pity.

AND he shall no longer be called a philosopher, but the most eloquent of all the sophists.

AND they shall wonder how a pure mind could conceive such an impure book.

AND

AND those who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

E. C.

THE two following letters lately fell into my hands. They are interesting and natural, and may be useful, as they speak the language of good sense, founded on experience, and strongly exemplify, that rectitude of conduct alone can insure happiness and peace of mind. They are said to be written by the famous Constantia Phillips, in her fortieth year, to the late Lord Chesterfield, in which she gives a picture of her own feelings, amidst all the pleasure, gaiety, admiration, and splendor, that attended her in the meridian of life.

IN her retirement she was occupied in educating a niece. Little, perhaps, might be expected from a person of her character on such a subject as female education, but her plan will be found well calculated to train a young woman to avoid the rocks on which she herself had struck.

I am, &c.

SCIPIO.

L E T T E R I.

“ WHEN I wait upon your Lordship with my usual sprightliness and gaiety, pleased with the chit-

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chat

chat of an hour, my loss of beauty is forgotten, and you go back five and twenty years, for my entertainment, and even condescend to suit your conversation to that gay time; imagining, no doubt, that I have too much of the woman in my composition to endure the thoughts of antiquated beauty. But, my Lord, believe me, I am so little out of humour with my loss that way, that I could, with infinite pleasure and entertainment to myself, talk to your Lordship upon graver matters, without being under any apprehension that my sentiments would lessen me in your esteem. It is true, I was born constitutionally with as great a share of vivacity and spirits as any woman in the world; but I may say by fortune, as Milton said upon his own blindness: "In my beginning I was presented with an universal blank; and the obligations I had to nature were perverted by my accidental poverty, which turned that beauty that was bestowed on me to so many snares by which I was ruined and undone; and, in consequence, I have passed my life in sorrow and misery:" And however this declaration may shock your Lordship's belief, it is most solemnly true; for, when in my youth, a time in which we are generally too much taken up with pleasures, to give ourselves leisure to reflect upon the rectitude of the means by which we obtain them; even then, I say, when we cheat our understandings with the dazzling prospects of imaginary pleasures,—I was wretched!—because the pleasures and gaieties which I tasted, had not their foundation upon a just and honourable

honourable basis.—I was allured and flattered by gaudy appearances, because I saw the eyes and adoration of the world followed those appearances ; but, my Lord, my nightly slumbers, and the moments we are wont to turn our eyes inward on ourselves, were disturbed, and the sweets of rest embittered by the stinging reflections that followed the means by which those appearances were supported ! Still, however, I went on, in hopes of better fate, until I found myself in the condition of a young prodigal, who, having brought his fortune to the last stake, hazards even that, hoping to retrieve ; and, like him too, (but alas ! too late), I found myself cheated and undone : And this I soon found out ; but at the same time perceived that cruel bar for ever shut against me, by which our unhappy sex, when once they offend against Virtue's sacred rule, are rigorously excluded from any degree of fame, be our future conduct ever so nice, or scrupulously regular.

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
 And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
 That Man, the lawless libertine, may rove
 Free and unquestion'd thro' the wilds of love ;
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's rule—
 If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
 And in the softer paths of Pleasure stray,—
 Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame,
 And one false step for ever damns her fame.
 In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore—
 In vain look back to what she was before—
 She sets—like stars that fall—to rise no more.

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“ I BECAME careless of my conduct; because I found all efforts to retrieve my loss were in vain:— Were it otherwise, no woman, having had but a tolerable education, could possibly, when reflections returned, submit to live in any degree of infamy, let the temptations be ever so great and flattering. For my own part, I most solemnly aver, I would not.— To have been mistress even to an emperor, I should have always looked upon as a state of infamy, misery, and dependence, to which I would have esteemed the humblest condition of innocence that can be imagined, infinitely preferable.

“ SUCH, indeed, are the disadvantages we labour under from being born women, that, for my own part, were beauty as lasting as our period of life, to change my sex I would be contented to be as deformed and ugly as *Æsop*.

“ FOR example, who denies Mr T—— G—— to be a man of honour? Yet this very man first betrayed and ruined the unhappy Miss Phillips; basely, nay villainously ruined her, and after that abandoned her to sorrow, misery, and infamy, which was the source of all the ruin and unhappiness that has since befallen her, and for which she is despised and shunned by the modest and valuable part of her own sex, and treated with levity by your's.

“ IN the first outset of a young girl's life, if she makes a slip from honour, how quick soever her
return

return may be, though her life and conduct should ever after escape, yet she will be branded to her last moments with that misdemeanour and misfortune; and if she is beautiful, every man thinks he has a right to demand the possession of her person, upon the same base terms with the first!

“ My life has been one continued scene of error, mistake, and unhappiness. I was, by my ill fate, left mistress of myself, before the time I ought to have forsaken my nursery:—A great lady indeed would have been my kind protectress; but it pleased my father to remove me from her protection. Like your Lordship, I launched early into the world; but you, with all the advantages of high birth and fortune; I with nothing but my beauty, which indeed, while it lasted, amply supplied the deficiencies of my fortune. You travelled to do your country honour; I wandered in foreign countries too, because strangers paid me those honours I was denied in my own, till tired with seeing and being seen, I returned to my native home, which I always pined after, though the only one in which I have been ill treated. However, from the strange vicissitudes of my fortune, I have at length gleaned this useful and necessary part of philosophy: *I have lived in the world long enough to despise it; I have sought for a friend till I am tired with the search; and I find the only real comforts we can enjoy are those we make to ourselves.*”

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

MY LORD,

I Frequently roam up and down my little garden, and, "in my minds eye," behold your Lordship the same way employed, and it is then I look down upon the world.

THE ill treatment I have received from it has taught me wisdom, but not hardness of heart. I am never so contented as when I can contribute to the happiness of those about me.

IN this little state of tranquillity I move ; but, as life would soon become tiresome had we no end to pursue, mine is bent on the preservation and happiness of an only sister and her little family, of whom I am the sole support and dependence. Part of these is one daughter, now about the age of fifteen ; and in the pains I have taken with her education, will best be described my sentiments of the *true duty of a woman*.

MY Lord, I have taught her to love and to fear God as the first principle, on which her every other happiness depends ; for the modish way of teaching young ladies this first of duties, I look upon as one of the most shocking neglects in their education ; and so little is this essential part regarded, that if you ask
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of what religion a fine lady is, she is scarce able to give you a rational answer: Indeed, if you proceed farther, and enquire respecting the rules and tenets of it, you find them, for the most part, totally ignorant! and I must confess, in either sex, where they have not real religion, by which, my Lord, I don't mean any particular mode of worship, but the true love and fear of God, there can be no other moral virtue: For I can very soon bring myself to conceive, what the man or woman's actions must be, who has no dependence upon future reward or punishment.

My Lord, I have most carefully examined what the word *virtue* means, to prevent this child's running away with an idea, that the whole of virtue is comprized in chastity. I hold that to be no doubt a concomitant; but that it is also necessary that a woman should have every other moral virtue to accompany it. In order to attain to this pitch of perfection, I would have her general behaviour modest without constraint, affable without boldness, reserved without prudery, and gay without levity, and, by shewing her the advantages of temperance and patience, I hope to make them her choice. I shall endeavour, too, to teach her *humility*, but *without meanness*; for I would give her such a consciousness of her own worth as may tend to her preservation. I will also endeavour to give her an idea of charity, not as it is commonly understood, but according to the true genuine sense and meaning of it; and I look upon one essential of that charity, we are re-

commended to practise for one another, to have an utter detestation for detraction. TRUTH, my Lord, I recommend as a fundamental never to be varied from, and the strictest watch over her passions; for, though no human creature is able to attain a total government of them, yet, closely guarded, they may be kept in such subjection, as to give us the proper mastery of them, and, in that case, how many evils do we avoid? POPE says,

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

By reminding her of the ridiculous figure she frequently observes talking women make, she will find the necessity of a competent share of taciturnity; and that she may be sure to keep her own honest purposes, I have taught her to think it dishonest to betray the secrets of other people.

I remember an observation of Montaigne, who was scrupulously careful of the education of an only daughter—When his wife died, he took a governess into the house for her instruction; and being one day in hearing when the young lady was reading, she came to a phrase which might bear a *double entendre*. The governess stopped her with—*Oh! fie, Miss, you should have passed that over—Never do so again.*

MONTAIGNE'S

MONTAIGNE's reflection upon this circumstance was, that too scrupulous caution often raises a curiosity in young girls minds, that would otherwise have been dormant, and was frequently fatal to them. They may learn from such a plan, if not enforced by good sense and good principles, to mask and conceal their passions, but not to conquer or subdue them; and they may lie smothered, only as fire pent up for want of air, which, if ever they give vent to, spreads to their complete ruin and destruction. I therefore am very careful, my Lord, how I talk mysteriously before this girl; and whenever I mention any thing to her that concerns her behaviour towards your sex, I never talk of them as scare-crows; but endeavour to inculcate how far they may, conducted by her own delicacy and prudence, be instrumental to her happiness, and, without that special care of herself, to her utter and certain misery.

SHE is a beautiful girl; yet in my life I never told her that beauty had, or ought to have, one single grain of merit essential to her well-being: On the contrary, that there is no other way to make herself happy, but by endeavouring to cultivate those lasting accomplishments of which men never tire—
A well-taught honest mind.

SHE has great sharpness of wit and vivacity.—
This, my Lord, I keep under the severest constraint, by perpetually exposing to her view pictures of ridi-

cule, in the characters of witty wives, which, begging their pardons, I must confess I think one of the greatest curses an honest man can be tormented with. In short, I have an utter abhorrence for wit at any rate, unless it is in a sensible good-natured man's keeping; but in a wife it is productive of many ills. The first thing one of these conceited witty ones generally finds out is, that her husband is a fool; and can there be a more dangerous situation in nature for a woman? They may flatter themselves with an opinion of the figure they make in that light; but, my Lord, I do insist upon it, the only one they ever can shine in is that which borrows its lustre from their husbands.—But to return to my niece,

To prevent it ever creeping into her thoughts that any woman can be a goddess, I take great care that her reading shall be suited to the lectures I give. I am not, nor in my life ever was, possessed of a novel or a romance. She has *Telemaque* to read for the improvement of her *French*; the *Bible* and *Dr Tillotson* for her *English*, and both, I hope, for her moral instruction; *History* I read with her, and *La Bruyere* I lay near her by way of looking glass; and now and then, instead of telling her what I mean, I set her to translate some of the useful places. How my endeavours may succeed, Heaven only knows; but these are the best methods I can suggest to train up a girl, by which she can ever learn what is *truly the duty of a woman*; and if she lives to that estate,
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this ground-work, I hope, will produce condescension, affability, temperance, prudence, charity, chastity, wisdom, and religious conduct; out of which materials, if she does not make the man happy who falls to her lot, I am afraid it will be his own fault.

E. C.

May 31. 1784.

THE letters to Lord Chesterfield contained a great deal of good sense, and well deserve the perusal of female readers. As supplementary to one part of these letters, allow me to send you the following passage, from Swift's account of Mrs Johnston (his celebrated Stella), written after her death. It may teach some of our sex how to check the offensive presumption of a puppy, or the vulgar impudence of a blockhead, which it is too often our misfortune now-a-days to meet with. The dissoluteness of mens education allows many of them to make use of a low unbecoming species of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when uttered before a sister, and would be disgusted at the woman who should seem to understand them. It would be well for modern manners that many of our sex could exert the spirit of Stella.—Your's, &c.

LOUISA.

“ SHE never (says Dr Swift) interrupted any body who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and, if a good thing was spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction, or absence of thought,

It was not safe nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened, one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies; and, in his flippant way, began to deliver some double meanings; the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured.—She said thus to the man: “ Sir, All these ladies and I understand your
“ meaning very well, having, in spite of our care,
“ too often met with those of your sex who wanted
“ manners and good sense. But, believe me, nei-
“ ther virtuous nor even vicious women love such
“ kind

“ kind of conversation. However, I will leave you,
“ and report your behaviour; and, whatever visit
“ I make, I shall first enquire at the door whether
“ you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid
“ you.”—I know not whether a majority of ladies
would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe
the practice of it would soon put an end to that cor-
rupt conversation, the worst effect of dullness, ig-
norance, impudence, and vulgarity, and the highest
affront to the modesty and understanding of the fe-
male sex.”

E. C.

S I R,

August 28. 1784.

THE following paper I lately met by acci-
dent with, and I send it you as a valuable communi-
cation. It contains the genuine sentiments (for it is
in his own hand-writing) of one who lately lived an
honour to this country as a man of learning, a phi-
losopher, a critic, and a friend to society. The re-
flections of such men in the calm hours of retire-
ment are always to be regarded as precious. It is
from them that we may look for useful observations,
truth, and good sense; for the hurry, bustle, diffi-
pation, and luxury of the world, leave little room
for reflection to the generality of mankind. Most
men

men pass through life as through a fever, and, at the close of it, may say with the celebrated Churchill in his last words, *What a fool have I been!* The following lines are well worthy the attention of every individual, and, if made a proper use of, will be a direct means of producing that reformation of morals and manners at present so much wanted.

PASCAL.

“ THE setting apart one day in seven, for public worship, is not a pious institution merely, but highly moral; with regard to the latter, all men are equal in the presence of God; and, when a congregation pray for mercy and protection, one must be inflamed with good will and brotherly love to all.—In the next place, the serious and devout tone of mind, inspired by public worship, suggests naturally self-examination.—Retired from the bustle of the world, on that day of rest, the errors we have been guilty of are recalled to memory: We are afflicted for those errors, and firmly resolve to be more on our guard in time coming. In short, Sunday is a day of rest from worldly concerns, in order to be more usefully employed upon those that are internal. Sunday, accordingly, is a day of account; and a candid account every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account. A person who diligently follows out this preparatory discipline will seldom be at a loss to answer for his own conduct, called upon by God or man. This leads me naturally to condemn

demn the practice of abandoning to diversion or merriment what remains of Sunday after public worship; such as parties of pleasure, gaming, &c. or any thing that trifles away the time without a serious thought, as if the purpose were to cancel every virtuous impression made at public worship.

“ UNHAPPILY this salutary institution can only be preserved in vigour during the days of piety and virtue. Power and opulence are the darling objects of every nation; and yet, in every nation possessed of power and opulence, virtue subsides, selfishness prevails, and sensuality becomes the ruling passion. Then it is that the most sacred institutions first lose their hold, next are disregarded, and at last are made a subject of ridicule.”

E. C.

[The above letter occasioned the following.]

S I R,

I OBSERVED, in your paper, some serious and well intended reflections on the observation of Sunday. Permit me, with a design equally laudable, to request your insertion of the following narrative.

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IN

IN riding last summer through that beautiful part of Westmoreland which is in the neighbourhood of the lake of Windermere, I chanced to pass through a small village at the time when the bell was tolling for church, it being a Sunday morning.

I was born and bred a Presbyterian ; but, having little of the sour leaven of fanaticism in my composition, which inclines some pious people to look with abhorrence on all who entertain ideas of religion different in any respect from their own, I felt a strong desire to join in the exercise of public worship, with the decent orderly set of country men and healthful smiling maidens who were crossing the stile before me to go to church. I gave my horse to my boy to lead to the village inn, and, entering the porch, was immediately perceived by a grey-headed old man, who acted as beadle, and who, with many bows and scrapes, conducted the stranger gentleman into the parson's own pew. Here was seated his wife, a decent comely woman, with four of her children, the eldest not exceeding ten years of age. The clergyman himself, a portly middle-aged man, in whose countenance sat peace, plenty, and good will to all mankind, performed the accustomed service of the liturgy, with every appearance of a real sense of the nature of that sacred office in which he was engaged. He then read forth a psalm of thanksgiving, which was sung in no inharmonious strain by this rustic congregation, he himself leading the
choir

choir, with a clear, melodious, and animating voice.

THAT done, he gave a short sermon on these words of the Psalmist, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—In this plain discourse, which had no pretensions either to genius in the composition, or elegance of style, there was, however, a great deal of that pleasing, rational, and elevating system of religion, which I sincerely wish we oftener heard displayed from our pulpits, and warmly impressed upon our minds. This plain good man represented the Almighty as a being of boundless beneficence, who formed every living creature for the perception of happiness; who extended his favour peculiarly to man, by multiplying to him the sources of enjoyment, and endowing him with the capacity of deriving either use or pleasure from all the objects of creation. He thence inferred, that the thankful enjoyment of these blessings was the most acceptable service we could pay to our Creator; a contented spirit, the highest tribute of praise. See, said he, the inferior animals, not blessed as we with reason—they approach, by instinct, the hand that feeds them—they testify their pleasure by gestures of delight: The horse bounds playfully over the fresh pastures, and submits his neck to the hand of his master: The dog fawns upon him, and eagerly attempts to return his caresses. Shall man fall short of the inferior creation? Does instinct inspire more sensibility than sense and reason? Shall man,

insensible of the kindness of his Creator, refuse those blessings which He has showered around him? Shall he ungratefully spurn at those innocent delights which Nature yields, and which all creation furnishes? Shame to those teachers of a severe and gloomy creed, who paint the Supreme Being in the horrid colours of their own distempered minds or vitiated hearts. A tyrant may delight in the wanton exertions of power over the lives of his subjects:—Some diabolical natures have spread a feast before the wretch whom they condemned to die with hunger. But how shocking the thought, that the Divinity should resemble what is monstrous in humanity!—“The Christian,” says the gloomy fanatic, “is born to affliction—few and evil are his days—sorrows encompass him from his cradle—dangers surround him on every side—hell gapes under his feet—The paths of life, indeed, are strewn with pleasures; but these are the snares of the tempter, which God permits to be thrown in the way of his creatures, to try their resolution, to exercise their Christian forbearance, and to purify them for himself.”—How false, my children, how distorted is this picture of religion!—Did God then create man to be miserable?—Did he form him to be the victim of tyrannic caprice?—Shocking impiety!—How then should the love of God be required of us as the first of our duties. Is it possible to love Him as the Divinity, who, if a human being, would be an object of hatred? Nay, nay, my children, God is not such an one as these men represent him. Into his nature and attributes

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our weak eyes cannot penetrate; nor is it necessary we should at all attempt it. We are concerned only to know what is his will; and this stands revealed, not only in his word, but in the hearts of his creatures.—Look there, my children, examine your own hearts; they will teach you that the great end of your existence is to be happy yourselves, and to contribute to the happiness of your fellow creatures.—Vice and immorality are contrary to both these ends.—They poison the enjoyment of life, both in yourselves and in others; they are therefore hateful in the sight of God, and must be attended with his heavy displeasure. But be ye virtuous; be active in your several occupations; be contented with your lot in life; be not envious of those that are above you, for they have their cares which are greater than yours; be affectionate and charitable one towards another; love God as the Father of mercies; and enjoy those innocent pleasures which are within your reach, for this is the tribute most acceptable to your Creator:—Be happy here, and trust in his infinite mercy for your eternal happiness hereafter.

SERVICE being ended, I could not refrain from paying my compliments to the good man, with whose discourse I had been truly edified. In return, I was entreated to accept of a part of his family dinner, and followed him to the parsonage house, a neat simple building, around which was about half an acre of ground laid out in a garden, in which, amidst a profusion of excellent pot-herbs, there was a beautiful

ful variety of fruits, flowers, and shrubbery. Here, said he, is my dwelling—to me a paradise. This little garden yields me both health and amusement. I labour it with my own hands; and if, at any time, I require a little aid, my honest friends of the village strive who shall be the first to assist me.

WE were called to dinner; and found, in a snug little parlour adorned with maps and prints, the table spread, and a surloin of beef smoking on the board, with its attendant pudding, together with a mess of excellent vegetables. Do not think me extravagant or a voluptuary, said my landlord—This is not my daily fare—But Sunday is always with me a festival—My wife, Sir, is an excellent housewife—Better ale than she brews is not in Westmoreland. Here a tankard was produced, which justified the good man's eulogium. Three charming boys, and a lovely girl, sat at table with us, and contributed, by their innocent prattle, to enhance the pleasure of this domestic scene. "Tom," said the father to the youngest of them, "tell me, my brave boy, what trade wilt thou be, man?"—"I will be a parson, father," said the boy.—"A parson; and why, forsooth?"—"Because I shall have beef and pudding a-Sundays; and every body will love me, as they do you, father."—"Well said, my boy; and a parson thou shalt be, for thou hast right orthodox notions."—"Molly, my dear, give the parson another slice of pudding."

AFTER

AFTER an hour spent at table, my good host rose from his seat. You must excuse me for a short time, said he, while I go to pay my evening visits—The duties of hospitality must give way to the calls of the sick and needy. I followed him to the door, where I observed a servant with a basket, in which were the remains of the dinner which were to be distributed in his visits. Addressing himself to me, “ You have spent, Sir, said he, the best part of the day with me : I have a good bed at your service, which you will do me a favour by accepting.” I excused myself in the best manner I could, assuring him it was with regret I must deny myself a continuance of the real pleasure I had received from his company. He attended me to the inn ; and, as we passed thro’ a small common, I observed a circle of the young folks of the village, of both sexes, seemingly engaged with great glee and merriment in some country-sports. The sight was new to a Scots Presbyterian ; and I asked him, with some surprise, whether he allowed his parishioners those liberties upon the Lord’s day. “ I should certainly restrain them,” said he, “ if it was my belief, that the Lord could be displeased with the sight of his creatures happy and innocent : These young men and maidens, Sir, are, to my knowledge, religiously and virtuously educated : They labour assiduously through the week : They are a comfort and support to their parents. Man requires relaxation and amusement ; but the poor cannot afford to sacrifice to it any of those hours when labour is lawful. Sunday, therefore, is the only day
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in which they dare indulge in this natural, this necessary refreshment : These honest people look with pleasure to the approach of the Sabbath : They say in their hearts, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."—The sport, Sir, in which they are occupied is, I dare engage, perfectly innocent : There is not one in that circle whose disposition is not as well known to me as that of my own children."

THE respect and admiration which I felt for this worthy man increased with every word he uttered. How amiable, said I to myself, is religion, in the principles and practice of this good pastor ! I took my leave of him as of one for whom I was disposed to feel the warmest, the most fraternal affection ; and I look upon this day, which has procured me the acquaintance of so valuable a character, as one of the most fortunate of my life.

IN a second letter, I shall send you a contrast to this picture.

I am, &c.

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E. C.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

IN my last letter, I sent you a few anecdotes of a day spent with a country clergyman in the west of England, in whose principles and practice, religion, in my opinion, appeared in its most amiable garb. In fulfilment of a promise which accompanied that letter, I now send you a contrast to that picture, being genuine anecdotes of one whom the French at this day boast of as an honour to their nation.

BLAISE PASCAL, author of the *Lettres Provinciales*, *Pensees Chretiennes*, &c. was endowed by Nature with a premature and most acute genius, which displayed itself particularly in natural philosophy and the mathematics. While almost an infant, he had, without the aid either of a master, or of books, made a great progress in geometry. While yet a boy, he had made discoveries in the mathematics, which were the admiration of the ablest philosophers in France. He saw the demonstration of the most intricate problems as it were intuitively, and without the necessity of using a progressive chain of reasoning. The learned men of the age prognosticated the greatest discoveries for the improvement of science, and the benefit of mankind, from the matured

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abilities of this surprising youth. At the age of twenty-four, upon reading some books of devotion, the mind of Pascal underwent a wonderful revolution. His sister, Madame Perrier, who has written his life, informs us, that, from that time, he considered every worldly pursuit as unworthy of a Christian; and laid down a solemn resolution to devote the remainder of his life to religion alone.

THE first fruits of his extraordinary piety manifested themselves on occasion of a certain philosophical lecturer, who, in some theological disputations, had ventured to assert that there was a difference in the corporeal nature of our Saviour, from the flesh and blood of ordinary men. Pascal's conscience compelled him immediately to lodge an information against this heretic with the Archbishop of Rouen. The lecturer, to save himself from the vengeance of the Church, publicly recanted his errors, which was a great triumph to all good Catholics.

THE next striking manifestation of the zeal of Pascal, was the convincing a young and beautiful sister, of the sinfulness of this world and its vanities; and making her believe there was the highest merit in shutting herself up in a monastery. She entered accordingly into one of the most austere and rigid discipline, where her constitution warring with her piety, yielded, at length, to the severities which she practised; and she died at the age of 36.

MADAME

MADAME PERRIER proceeds to inform us, that the young Pascal, from the moment of his conceiving these thoughts of the excellence of religion, laid it down as a fixed principle to renounce every gratification in life : Although bred up with delicacy, and amidst opulence, he now refused the assistance of a servant in the performance of any thing which he could do for himself : He would not suffer his bed to be made, nor his dinner to be brought him : When the calls of hunger became too importunate, he went to the kitchen, and hastily satisfied them with any thing he could find : To have a choice in his food appeared to him the vilest sensuality. He spent his whole time in prayer, and in the reading of the Scriptures.

THE biographer of Pascal tells us, that his constitution was so utterly debilitated and worn out by the rigour of his life, and the privation of all the amusements customary to youth, that he became the martyr of disease before he was thirty years of age. His physicians endeavoured now to dissuade him from those austerities which he practised, by representing to him the danger which his health underwent, and the absolute necessity of making that (for some time at least) the chief object of his care. But his sister, the Nun, who was in a similar situation, returned the kind offices he had shown to her, by convincing him that his spiritual health was an object of infinitely higher importance : That he ought to proceed courageously in the course in which he was now en-

gaged; for that God certainly destined him for a state of much greater perfection than what he had yet attained to. These good counsels strengthened his pious resolutions; and, from that time, all earthly objects appeared to him utterly vain and frivolous, and he gave himself up, without reserve, to the care of his eternal welfare.

AT this time, the extraordinary sanctity of his character occasioned him frequent visits from many pious persons of great rank, who wished to be edified by his counsels and conversation. In these visits he had great satisfaction, from considering the advantage that might thence accrue to the cause of religion; but he began to fear, lest a motive of vanity, which he was conscious had some share in this gratification, should be offensive in the sight of God. He soon found, says his sister, a remedy for that.—He put round his naked body an iron girdle, full of sharp points, and whenever a vain thought came across his imagination, he struck the girdle with his elbow, so as to force the points into his flesh, and this quickly brought him back to a proper estimation of himself. This practice he persevered in till his death. About four years before that period, his infirmities and bodily complaints increased to such a height, that he could neither follow, as usual, his religious studies, nor assist others as he was wont.—This situation, however, was very profitable to himself; for the patience with which he endured his sufferings made him the more acceptable to his Crea-

tor,

tor, and the maxim which he inviolably pursued, of refusing every thing that was agreeable to his senses, fitted him for that superior and extatic enjoyment for which alone he panted. He continued in the mean time, in a most angelic manner, to mortify his natural appetites and the calls of his senses. He made it a rule to swallow his victuals without chewing them, lest they should afford any gratification to his palate; for the same reason, when taking medicines, he always preferred those that were most nauseous. "Mortification and affliction," he would frequently say, "is the condition in which a Christian ought to pass his life. How happy is it then for me to be reduced by necessity to that salutary condition!" Thus he continued, says his sister, advancing daily in perfection and spiritual health, as his bodily constitution declined, till at length, in a fit of convulsion, which was miraculously suspended for a few minutes, while he received the *viaticum* and extreme unction, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, he died.

ON this picture, and the contrast which it forms to that contained in my former letter, it is not necessary to make many reflections. Two very opposite characters are delineated in these letters; yet both acting upon the same principle, a desire of regulating their life according to what they believe to be the will of their Creator. See the country clergyman, a man of plain common sense, without pretension to talents or to superiority of intellect, instilling

filling into his flock the love of the Supreme Being, as the Father of mercies, delighted with the happiness of his creatures. Behold him, with heartfelt delight, discharging the duties which he owes to society, as a husband, a father, and a friend. The innocent enjoyment of life he represents as a duty of religion. Happy in himself, he diffuses happiness on all around him.—View next the celebrated Pascal—Endowed by nature with a genius to enlighten and improve mankind, to advance the glory of God, by contributing to the good of society—he conceives that mortification is necessary for his soul's welfare. He believes it an act of piety to extinguish in the breast of a sister the voice of nature urging to the blissful duties of a wife and of a mother, and exults in the thought that the austerities which shortened her life were the price of her eternal salvation.—Pursuing for himself the same course, he solicits pain and affliction, becomes the voluntary victim of incurable disease, and dies, for the glory of God, a premature death.

WHO can hesitate a moment to determine which of these men entertains the most worthy ideas of the Divine Being?—Who will hesitate to exclaim, “If Religion is amiable, what a hideous monster is Fanaticism!”

EUSEBIUS.

E. C.

[This

[This subject was continued in the two following Letters, in answer to EUSEBIUS.]

L E T T E R I.

S I R,

I PERCEIVE the communication I lately sent you has occasioned two very well written and well intended letters from EUSEBIUS. The sentiments I gave you under the accidental signature of PASCAL, on the moral tendency of the strict observance of Sunday, were from the hand-writing of the late ingenious Lord Kames. I thought they did great honour to his memory, and I was happy to have the opportunity of making them known to the public, although I only mentioned him by the way, as a philosopher, a critic, and a friend to society. No man will deny him the character; for the public spirit which animated all his researches, his various erudition, and the persevering industry he exerted for the instruction of the age, amidst the duties of an important function, and the multiplied occupations of an active private life, entitle his memory to the most honourable applause. I said, that the reflections of such men, in the calm hours of retirement, are always to be regarded as precious; for from them we may look for observation, truth, and good sense. But it has been reserved for EUSEBIUS to term the
ferious

serious sensible sentiments of Lord Kames *fanatical*. Could his Lordship raise his head from the grave, what would his astonishment be, and how would his cotemporaries stare, at the quick transition of opinions in the world which they lately left !

LORD KAMES says, "Sunday is a day of rest from worldly concerns, in order to be more usefully employed upon those that are internal."—He condemns diversion or merriment, or whatever tends to dissipate or distract the thoughts on that day, which ought to be passed in moral improvement and self-examination. And will not every person practising this, find themselves better men and better Christians ? Yet this rational and solidly sensible opinion is, by EUSEBIUS, thought to be *fanaticism*. From this one is naturally led to enquire what *fanaticism* means ? and, upon examination, it will be found to resemble Pope's description of the north.

Ask where's the north ?—At York, 'tis on the Tweed ;—
In Scotland, at the Orcades ;—and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

EVERY person, according to his own system of indulgence, terms the person observing a purer system of conduct *a fanatic*. The gross voluptuary, indulging in lawless sensuality, terms the man of moderation and morality, who scruples at acts of intemperance, *a fanatic*. The person who observes the external forms of religion, to quiet a stupid conscience, although secretly practising the grossest vices,

vices, terms the man who openly endeavours at purity of heart and conduct, *a fanatic*. In short, every person who rises above another, in moral rectitude, is (now-a-days), by the inferior, termed *a fanatic*; and fanaticism is applied, from the lowest degree of brutal debasement, to each superior class, as they rise towards moral perfection.

EUSEBIUS contrasts Lord Kames's opinion of the tendency of the strict observance of Sunday, with a Sunday he passed (as he says) in Westmoreland.—EUSEBIUS tells us of a parson, the very picture of fat contented ignorance smiling on the earth, (who probably never existed but in his own brain) that enjoyed a smoking firloin on Sundays, and drank good ale; whose doctrine to his flock was, "See the inferior animals, not blessed with reason; they frisk and play, devour their pasture, and follow their instincts, and are happy;—therefore, why should man, who is of a superior nature, not enjoy what is set before him?" that is,—why should not man, endued with reason, enlightened by revelation, accountable for every thought, word, and action, and whose highest moral attainments fall short of his duty, not be a beast, or indulge as much as they?

AFTER the account of this edifying sermon, and the comfortable dinner, we are told of the parson's walking out to distribute the picked bones of the firloin, and of his parishioners gamboling and dancing in merriment on the green. The parson; it is said,

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approved

approved of the exercise, *trusting* they were innocently employed. To have completed the pious innocent day, *his Reverence* should have joined the groupe in the country dance, and then he would have exhibited the character of a *perfect* clergyman in the opinion of EUSEBIUS. To sum up the whole picture, it would then stand thus: On Sunday to teach his flock to follow nature, and carefully observe the beasts of the field as their example, and be thankful. After this instructing discovery, to go to the parsonage house, and eat smoking beef, quaff ale, and take a pipe. In the evening to see his parishioners dance; and, no doubt, afterwards, with his family, to take a rubber at whist, or a pool at quadrille. The whole of the day's transactions would be sanctified by the jolly parson's saying, at the close, "*The Lord be praised—The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.*"

MAY such clergymen, however, as EUSEBIUS's parson, be long kept from being the spiritual guides of Scotland. When the clergy become, either by precept or example, the means of relaxing the morals, or flattering the follies and vices of the people, a speedy inlet must follow to barbarism, ignorance, and crimes.

THE contrast in the second letter of EUSEBIUS, of *Blaise Pascal*, who carried mortification to an extreme degree, has no connection with the rational piety contained in the quotation from Lord Kames,

on

on the importance to the individual, and to society, of keeping Sunday religiously, therefore cannot here be taken notice of.—It may, with truth, however, be affirmed, that no person can read the writings of Pascal without admiration and improvement.—I shall, for once more, assume the signature.

P A S C A L.

E. C.

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

SOME papers which you lately inserted concerning the observation of Sunday, have led me to offer you a few remarks upon that subject.

IN this age of extreme politeness, when fashion denominates every thing serious *fanatical*, it is possible that some, with a fastidious glance and an interjection to this effect, may pass on to another part of the paper. But we are not all of this class; many of us love to have a little of the useful mixed with the amusing, and will not think a corner of a Saturday's paper ill employed in recommending a decent regard to the Sunday.

I, among others, was exceedingly gratified by the fragment which you lately inserted from the papers of a late eminent Philosopher and Judge of this

country upon that subject. Your correspondent, who favoured you with this communication, is entitled to the thanks of every friend to society; for the sentiments of Lord Kames, in favour of religious duty, will have weight with many, who either do not often hear, or pay but little regard to the admonitions of professional teachers.

BUT I am not a little at a loss to conceive what good end your other correspondent could propose to himself, first, by his tale of an English parson (borrowed, I suppose, at least in part, from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield), who vindicated his parishioners in devoting Sunday afternoons to public sports; and then, by the dismal picture of fanaticism exhibited in the example of the good but misguided Pascal.

PRAY, has this age any tendency to fanaticism, or do the manners of the times indicate a disposition to observe the Sabbath with a judaical rigour?—If your correspondent has any fears upon this head, let him only observe the streets of the metropolis, or of almost any other great town, upon Sunday evenings, and he will soon be cured. But the spirited and just animadversions of PASCAL save me the trouble of bestowing farther attention upon EUSEBIUS.

WHAT I wish your readers to be persuaded of is, that the Sabbath is really of divine institution; and
that,

that, although it were not, its beneficial consequences to society are so obvious and so great, as to recommend its religious observance to every friend to virtue.

THAT a certain portion of our time is due to the worship of our Creator, and to preparation for that endless state of being to which the current of time is fast carrying all of us, is a dictate of reason, it is founded in man's condition and prospects, and is indeed a self-evident proposition: But reason could not have certainly told what particular portion of time ought to be set apart for these purposes; upon this point the opinions of mankind would have been widely different; opposite and interfering practices would have been observed; and, consequently, the observance of a day of religious rest prevented or defeated.—Revelation, therefore, interposes, and tells mankind that it is the will of the Supreme Legislator, that one day in seven be consecrated to him; it tells us, moreover, that this was an original law given to man upon his creation. Vid. Gen. ii. 3.—Of such a law, many traditionary evidences are preserved in heathen writers, as well as in the positive testimony of Scripture history.

It is an egregious mistake, therefore, to date this institution from the promulgation of the Mosaic æconomy. The fourth commandment contained nothing more than a republication and enforcement of the original statute. This is evident from the very enacting

enacting words of that law—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"—It is impossible for men to *remember* what they have not previously learned.

WHEN we come down to the Christian dispensation, we find that it interferes no farther, with respect to this institution, than to authorise a change upon the day of the week for its observance. In grateful commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection, the first, in place of the seventh, became the Christian Sabbath; and they who seriously reflect upon the importance of that event, will scarcely fail to acknowledge the propriety as well as obligation of the change. Still the spirit and object of the original laws are preserved by the gospel; for a seventh part of our time is required to be set apart for the service of our Creator, and the duties of religion:—But a controversy upon this particular point is unnecessary; for, if men will only allow that a seventh part of our time should be observed as a Sabbath, they will feel but little disposition to quarrel about the particular day of the week to be set apart for that end.

IF it is evident then that the Sabbath is of divine institution, where is the clergyman, or any other man, who can produce a warrant for devoting any part of that day to public sports and recreations? In the law of God, I find six days allotted to man for the purposes of a present life, whether of health or business; but the seventh, in terms most pointed
and

and express, set apart for God. To devote any part of that day, therefore, to public diversions, can appear, to a serious mind, in no other light, than a designed insult upon the Majesty of Heaven.

By some foreign nations, indeed, the Sabbath is differently computed from what is in this country. Some reckon from mid-day to mid-day, and some from evening to evening. If a seventh part of our time, whatever may be the hour of its commencement, is consecrated as a sacred rest, the object of the divine law is fulfilled.

In Britain, we reckon from midnight till midnight: This, therefore, is our Sabbath; and this, if we are to follow, not the dictates of our own inclination or fancy, but the law of our Maker, we must consecrate to his service, from which the purposes of charity and mercy can never be excluded.

THIS doctrine will, to some of your fashionable readers, appear harsh and severe; but it is the doctrine of the word of God, which will not bend in accommodation to our changing opinions. If they are determined, therefore, to make no difference betwixt Sundays and other days, except in dedicating the former to superior excesses of luxury and enjoyment, let them boldly shake off all the restraints of a religious profession—declare revelation to be a fiction—a future state a chimera—and their own taste
and

and inclination their only standards of propriety in conduct.

I think it not impossible, however, independent of all religious considerations, to shew that the decently religious observance of Sunday is neither so bad nor so unpleasant a thing as fashionable people are apt to imagine : That many most beneficial consequences result from it : That its neglect has given rise to most unhappy effects upon society ; and that, to this cause in particular, is, in a great measure, to be ascribed the ignorance, dissipation, and profligacy of the present times.

PHILO-SABBATICUS,

E. C.

Doctrina vim promovet insitam,
 Rectique cultus pectora roborant.
 Utcunque defecere mores
 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

H o r.

S I R,

March 22. 1734.

THE modesty and humility of the schoolmasters address for a trifling addition of salary should disarm the most selfish and obstinate in opposition to their claim of relief. They say " they never presumed to dictate ; but will, with all humility, accept of whatever

ever relief the landed interest and their representatives in parliament shall think their distressed situation requires." I am one of those who think the profession of a schoolmaster one of the most important in the state, and that these men, instead of being depressed, should be cherished, and their situation made comfortable. The happiness of the individual and the the state depends on the education of youth. It is owing to these men that the common people in Scotland are more knowing than those perhaps of any other country in Europe. The meanest peasant can read, and generally write, understands the principles of religion, and the foundation of moral conduct. It is owing to education and morals that the Scots have in general risen in every line of life, wherever they have gone.

THE present miserable pittance which schoolmasters have by law is by no means such as to induce men of education to undertake so laborious an employment*. There is no profession in which they might not earn more money;—even porters, pimps, and chairmen in this city, are opulent, when compared to most country schoolmasters.

SHALL the person who administers to our fantastic indulgences, or to our vicious luxury, be
Y paid

* The schoolmasters at present have only 5*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.* *per ann.* and they petitioned Parliament for 11*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* or 200 marks, which was opposed by the landed gentlemen.

paid with liberality, and he who forms the minds and principles of our children be allowed to starve? Shall a foreign cook, who has learnt to please my palate with a luxurious dish, be rewarded with munificence; and shall the man, who forms the mind and morals of my son, be allowed to live on bread and water?

WHAT can afford such heartfelt joy to a worthy parent, as to see affectionate children improving in useful knowledge and virtue, and daily gratifying their fond solicitude, by a progress towards that good and useful character in life which is the chief object of their warmest wishes? And shall the guardians of these most interesting hopes be doomed to penury and distress? Forbid it every sentiment of humanity—every generous feeling of the heart!

If such narrow policy shall be followed, we must consign the education and morals of our youth to ignorant pretenders; for no man of virtue, capacity, and education can be expected to starve for the service of the public.

BESIDES, it is obvious, that the increase of vice of late in great cities and towns requires that such encouragement should be given as to induce teachers of ability and worth to embrace the profession, and to reside in the country, that an opportunity may be afforded of virtuous education in the first stage of youth, and MEN may be brought forth to
be

be the supports of a luxurious falling state, instead of the frivolous coxcombs or abandoned voluptuaries of a degenerate age.

I WISH not, to provide such salaries for schoolmasters as to render them indolent; but chill them not with cold parsimony.—give them a comfortable subsistence, and they will be grateful. I highly respect the character of a schoolmaster, when I find him a man of good sense and good morals; and I think him more deserving of my regard, than a titled fool, or an opulent knave.

C A T O.

E. C.

THE fame of Mrs SIDDONS, as an actress, occasioned some gentlemen to raise a sum by subscription to induce her to come to Edinburgh, after her engagement at London, in spring 1784.

Mrs SIDDONS's first visit to Edinburgh was accordingly in May 1784.

THE gentlemen subscribers, who had been the occasion of her coming, thought themselves entitled to be secured in seats in the pit the evenings she performed. This, was thought very reasonable, and they were admitted a quarter of an hour before the doors opened. But the vast crouds

that attended, eager for admission, creating much inconvenience and disturbance, a part of the pit was railed off for the subscribers, after the three first appearances of Mrs Siddons. The anxiety to see this celebrated actress was so great, that crowds were often at the doors from eleven o'clock forenoon till five in the afternoon. This rage for seeing Mrs Siddons was so great, that there were 2557 applications for 630 places. The weather being warm, and the house excessively crowded, gave occasion for the servants of the Theatre introducing a variety of liquors into the pit and galleries. Very circumstantial accounts of Mrs Siddons's acting, and criticisms on the plays, were given to the public in the newspapers on each performance.

THE following humorous lines appeared after her fifth appearance;

E P I S T L E

From Miss MARIA BELINDA B—GLE, at Edinburgh.

To her friend, Miss LAVINIA L—TCH, at Glasgow.

I HEAR, with deep sorrow, my beautiful L—TCH,
In vain to come here you your father beseech;
I say in all places, and say it most truly,
His heart is as hard as the heart of PRIULI;
'Tis compos'd of black flint, or of Aberdeen granite,
But smother your rage—'twould be folly to fan it.

EACH

EACH evening the playhouse exhibits a mob,
And the right of admiffion's turn'd into a job.
By five the whole pit us'd to fill with fubfcribers,
And thofe who had money enough to be bribers;
But the public took fire, and began a loud jar,
And I thought we'd have had a SIDDONIAN war:
The committees met, and the lawyers hot mettle
Began very foon both to cool and to fettle;
Of public refentment to blunt the keen edge,
In a coop they confented that fixty they'd wedge;
And the coop's now fo cramm'd, it will fcarce hold
a moulfe,
And the reft of the pit's turn'd a true *public houfe*.
With porter and pathos, with whifky and whining,
They quickly all look as if long they'd been dining,
Their shrub and their figs court our nofes and ears,
And their twopenny blends in libation with tears;
The god of good liquor with fervour they woo,
And before the fifth aét they are *a' greeting fou*;
And ftill, as a maxim, they keep in their eye
This excellent adage, "that forrow is dry:"
Tho' my mufe to write fatire's reluctant and loth,
This cuftom, I think, favours ftiong of the Goth,

As for SIDDONS herfelf, her features fo tragic,
Have caught the whole town with the force of their
magic;

Her aétion is varied, her voice is extenfive,
Her eye very fine, but fomewhat too penfive.
In the terrible trials of BEVERLEY's wife,
She rofe not above the dull level of life,

She

She was greatly too simple to strike very deep,
 And I thought more than once to have fallen asleep.
 Her sorrows in SHORE, were so soft and so still,
 That my heart lay as snug as a thief in a mill:
 I never as yet have been much overcome,
 With distress that's so gentle, with grief that's so
 dumb:

And, to tell the plain truth, I have not seen any
 Thing yet, like the tumble of YATES in MANDANE:
 For acting should certainly rise above nature,
 And indeed now and then she's a wonderful crea-
 ture—

When ZARA's revenge burst in storms from her
 tongue,

With rage and reproach all the ample roof rung:
 ISABELLA too rose all superior to sadness,
 And our hearts were well harrow'd with horror and
 madness.

From all sides the house, hark the cry how it swells!
 While the boxes are torn with most heart piercing yells;
 The Misses all faint, it becomes them so vastly,
 And their cheeks are so red that they never look
 ghastly:

Even Ladies advanced to their grand climacterics
 Are often led out in a fit of hysterics;
 The screams are wide-waisted East, West, South, and
 North,

Loud Echo prolongs them on both sides the Forth.

You ask me what beauties most touchingly strike—
 They are beauteous all, and all beauteous alike,

With

With lovely complexions that time ne'er can tarnish,
 So thick they're laid o'er with a delicate varnish;
 Their bosoms and necks have a gloss and a burnish,
 And their cheeks with fresh roses from *Racburn* they
 furnish.

I quickly return, and am just on the wing,
 And somethings I'm sure that you'll like I will bring,
 The sweet *SIDDON*'s cap, the latest dear ogle—
 Farewell till we meet—

Your true friend, MARY B—L—.

Edinburgh, June 7. 1785.

E. C.

ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

H O R.

S I R,

Aug. 13. 1785.

OUR summer scene of amusement and gaiety being now ended, by the last night of Mrs Siddons's appearance, I think you should inform your country readers what have been the prevailing fashions this season. This is a most interesting subject of enquiry, for the manners and fashions of the capital are most eagerly followed in the country.

You should tell your female country readers that the *balloon* hat and the *Werter* bonnet have given way

way to the *gyppsey*; and the *Robin Gray* is fast following.

FASHION has long held good sense and propriety in thralldom, but her triumph has never perhaps been so striking as of late.—A little squat dumpling figure, under a *gyppsey* hat, like Tom Thumb under a bee-hive, is the most ludicrous thing that modern fashion has exhibited. Even the tall and taper damsel looks like the pole of her umbrella, when she is rigged out in a flounced *gyppsey*, and then the ventilation of our streets and lanes affords so charming an opportunity of tossing the head about, to keep this piece of dress, which is called an *ornamente*, in management.

FASHION has often been at variance with nature and simplicity, but now she is at perfect open war with them, and has lately introduced an *appendage* of dress, which common sense may deem rather unsuitable to buxom beauties; yet they too will be monsters, if it is the fashion.—We have long had perfumers who furnish complexions, and red cheeks and pale lips are not uncommon. The lilly varnish for the mahogany skin may be had at many cosmetic warehouses; but we have now, for the first time, got *bottom* shops, and ladies of all ages and dimensions, tall, short, fat, and lean, must have enormous b——s. Spinal tenuity and mamillary exuberance (see Johnson's Dictionary), have for some time been the fashion with the fair, but a posterior rotundity,

tundity, or a balance, was wanting behind; and you may now tell the country lasses, if they wish to be fashionable, they must resemble two blown bladders, tied together at the necks.

SAYS Lady *Winterbottom* t'other day to Mr *Tiffaney*, the haberdasher—Mr *Tiffaney* I want a *new bottom*.—Very well, Ma'am—happy to supply your Ladyship—proud to say my b——s have been much approved of, and given satisfaction. Not so fast, Mr *Tiffaney*—the last I had is worn out already.—Why, Ma'am, you very well know that no lady of fashion has been at rest five minutes in a place for some time past—What with races—morning and evening concerts—dinner parties—squeezing and mobbing to get into the playhouse—fits, and fainting soon after—tossing and tumbling to get out again—then assemblies, or fireworks, with the *delicate* assistance of a young fellow's arm—late suppers, and *all that sort of thing*—why really, Ma'am, the best *bottoms* cannot support such *tear* and *wear* any length of time—Your Ladyship looks thinner since last furnishing—Here now is a b—m, Ma'am—Your Ladyship's back, if you please—ay, this *gets well up behind*—quite Ladyship's size.—Rather flat, Mr *Tiffaney*—Plump as can be, your Ladyship—But I must have my old *bottom* repaired, Mr *Tiffaney*—We'll do the best we can, my Lady—Your Ladyship must allow that the artificial b—m is the most *fundamental* improvement of modern times. There was but t'other day, Miss *Plausible*, accompanied by her friend

Miss *Crop*, bought a b—m here, and being to cross the water, the poor soul slipt her foot in stepping into the boat, and went souce into the sea—the tide going three knots an hour—but, my Lady, she sat as snug and composed on the face of the water, as Queen Mab on the Gossamer.—With her *bosom frame*, gauzes, and flounces, she looked, by all the world, like a swan on a cruize in a pond.—Your Ladyship means to go north soon, diversions now over, presume? Wish your Ladyship good weather to cross the ferries.—Thank you, Mr *Tiffaney*—You may as well send two b—ms.—Your Ladyship's right—it is best to be provided, in case of accident—Ladyship's most humble servant.

YOU may also inform your country readers that the male dress has undergone some change, though in general *puppyism* has remained *in statu quo* for these some months.

SOME few distinguished spirits have endeavoured to new-model the beard, by making it *half Jewish*, *half Christian*, and have thought it an ornament to come into company with a tuft of hair, like a whin-bush, on each cheek. But this savage fashion has not been much followed.

Roses, or tufts of black ribbons or strings, tying the shoes, instead of buckles, have also appeared as a morning dress; and by and by the country labourers

bourers in this particular will be in *high fashion* all the day through.

LONG necked spurs, with joints like folding penknives, to make them convenient in walking, and to prevent cutting the legs (no matter for the horse's sides), are coming into fashion; but sensible people think the shortest necked long enough for the purpose of a spur.

SEVERAL people, besides barbers and bakers, have worn white hats this season.

PROMISCUOUS bathing has been very much in fashion this season, and the decency of an awning to the bathing machines, so universal in England, is not yet adopted*; to the great satisfaction of the *rude* and the *ill-bred*, who triumph in insulting modesty.

THE *buckskin* and *Nankeen* under drapery of the young gentlemen still continues as if sewed or pasted to the skin.

THE first symptoms of a rising *buck* this season have commenced at and after school, by turning the broad cock of the hat foremost, and the button be-

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hind

* Since the above was written, an improvement has taken place. Separate houses for the gentlemen and ladies are built, and the bathing machines for the ladies are furnished with awnings.

hind—assuming a *knowing* look, with a gait like Filch in the Beggar's Opera—carrying a short bludgeon in the hand, and endeavouring to swear (poor things!) most dreadfully.

THE having half a dozen large buttons under the pocket lids, might do very well for security in these pick-pocket times, but unfortunately it is not the fashion to have button holes.

THE rumpled boot about the ankle, to give air to the calf in the white silk stocking, has still been thought *tonish* by a few; and

BOOTS in the forenoon, with persons who have no horses to ride, is thought *very* fashionable,

WITH many it has been thought manly and high life to be as much the blackguard as possible; and with them frivolity and dissipation are only worth living for. To squander money with freedom, and go drunk to public amusements, constitute the gentleman.

SUCH is the picture of this last season. You may make what use of it you please.

I am, &c.

BASTINADO.

E. C.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

ADDRESSED TO DR BEATTIE,

Author of the Minstrel.

AH! wherefore silent is thine Edwin's muse?
The muse which erst inspir'd his infant thought,
Which shew'd him Nature in its various views,
And in his breast sublime conceptions wrought;
Which his young genius to perfection brought,
And rais'd to heaven his heaven-aspiring soul;
Gave him to know what he so keenly sought,
How stars and planets in their orbits roll,
Obedient still to him whose power propels the whole.

TIME's lenient hand hath pour'd his sov'reign balm,
And sooth'd the anguish of thine wounded heart;
Restor'd thy bosom to its wonted calm,
And gently eas'd it of Affliction's dart:
Oh! may it never more a pang impart,
To interrupt the progress of the song,
Where Nature shines, array'd with justest art,
Moving with grace majestic along,
In numbers sweetly smooth, with sense sublimely
strong.

FORGIVE the friend who, in unpolish'd strains,
Would fondly rouse thee to resume the lyre,
And sing of Edwin, boast of Scottish swains,
With

With all thy wonted energy and fire.
 From graver studies for a while respire,
 Thro' cheerful Fancy's flow'ry fields to stray;
 Clad in the *Minstrel's* favourite attire,
 His modest worth, his dignity, display,
 Amending thoughtless man by thy instructive lay.

Sept. 24. 1784.

V E R S E S

To the Author of the MAN OF FEELING.

Found on a blank leaf of the copy of the book which belonged to the late Mr Grainger,

WHILST other writers, with pernicious art,
 Corrupt the morals, and seduce the heart,
 Raise lawless passions, loose desires infuse,
 And boast their knowledge gathered from the
 stews—

Be thine the task such wishes to controul,
 To touch the gentler movements of the soul;
 To bid the breast with gen'rous ardours glow,
 To teach the tear of sympathy to flow :

We hope, we fear, we swell with virtuous rage,
 As various passions animate thy page.

What sentiments the soul of HARLEY move !

The softest pity, and the purest love !

Congenial virtues dwell in WALTON's mind,
 Form'd her mild graces, and her taste refin'd ;

The

Their flame was such as Heaven itself inspires,
As high, as secret, as the Vestal fires.
But ah! too late reveal'd—With parting breath,
He owns its mighty force, and smiles in death—
His soul spontaneous seeks her kindred sky,
Where *Charity* and *Love* can never die.

E. C.

A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.

TRAVERSE the world, and flie from pole to pole!
Go far as winds can blow, or waters roll!
Lo! all is vanity beneath this sun,
To silent Death through heedless paths we run.

See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;
See the false patriot who his country sold!
Ambition's vot'ry groans beneath the weight,
A splendid victim to the toils of state.

Ev'n in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow;
And Love's pursuits oft terminate in woe;
Proud Learning ends her great career in doubt,
And, puzzled still, makes nothing clearly out.

Where

Where then is earthly bliss? Where does it grow?
 Know, mortal, happiness dwells not below!
 Look up to Heaven!—be Heaven thy darling care;
 Spurn the vile earth, and seek thy treasure there;
 Nothing but God,—and God alone you'll find,
 Can fill a boundless, and immortal mind!

E. C.

L I N E S

*Written on a Window at an Inn, under some infamous
 Verses.*

WHEN DRYDEN's clown, unknowing what he
 fought,
 His hours in whistling spent, for want of thought,
 The guiltless fool his vacancy of sense
 Supplied, and amply too, by innocence.
 Did modern swains, possess'd of CYMON's pow'rs,
 In CYMON's manner waste their weary hours,
 Th' indignant trav'ler would not blushing see
 This chrystal pane disgrac'd by infamy!

SEVERE the fate of modern fools, alas!
 When Vice and Folly mark them as they pass:
 Like pois'nous vermin o'er the whiten'd wall,
 The filth they leave—still points out where they crawl!

E. C.

To

To Mr —, on receiving a blank letter from him on
the first of April.

I PARDON, Sir, the trick you've play'd me,
When an *April fool* you made me ;
Since *one day* only I appear
What you, alas ! do *all the year*.

LORENZO.

E. C.

Abridgement of a Sermon which took up an hour
in delivering, from these words—*Man is born to
trouble.*

My Friends,

THE subject falls naturally to be divided into three
heads :

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world ; and,
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First then, Man came into the world naked and bare.

2. His progress thro' it, is trouble and care.
3. His exit from it is—none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here—he'll be well there.

Now I can say no more, my Brethren dear,
Should I preach on the subject from this time till
next year. AMEN.

E. C.

GENTEEL ECONOMY.

A CERTAIN lady, whose taste is equal to her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner; the following is a bill of fare, and the expence of each dish, which was found on the carpet.

	s.	d.
At top, two herrings, -	0	1
Middle, one ounce and a half of butter, melted	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Bottom, three mutton chops, cut <i>thin</i> ,	0	2
One side, one pound of small potatoes,	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
On the other side, pickled cabbage,	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fish removed, two larks, plenty of crumbs,	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding, -	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Parsley for garnish, -	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
	0	7
	THE	

THE dinner was served up on china, looked light, tasty, and pretty—the table small, and the dishes well proportioned.

WE hope each new married lady will keep this as a lesson; it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of a dish of fish, joint of mutton, couple of fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for seven pence.

E. C.

S I R,

YOU have informed us that a Reverend clergyman has lately received an appointment in America. Pray, Sir, is this the same person whose letter addressed to Dr Wotherspoon I lately read?—If it is, I congratulate Scotland on his departure, and I shall pity America on his arrival. Is this the man who encourages our youth to emigration, and advises the Rev. Dr Wotherspoon to banish the poor Loyalists, “these *vipers* in your bosom,” as he calls them, and says, “make them the first exports of your trade?” Good God, what can equal the barbarity of such a sentiment! Shall these unhappy sufferers in the unsuccessful cause of the rights of their mother-country—in the defence of the principles of equity, and of that just, mild, and equal government, which ex-

tended to every branch of the empire, protection, law, and liberty, be devoted to exile and slavery!—Forbid it Heaven!—forbid it every principle of humanity! Is it thus he would bind up the broken-hearted, and comfort them that have no friend? Is this the language of the mild precepts of the gospel, whose doctrines he professes to teach, or of the meek and humble JESUS, the Saviour of mankind, who said to his servants, “Love your enemies—Do good to them that hate you—Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.” Does the Christian religion breathe the spirit of rancour, malice, and revenge? If it does, then, is this man a teacher of the the gospel?

YE poor unhappy Loyalists, have ye not suffered enough! Is the measure of your misfortunes not yet full? and must the last bitter dregs be poured into the cup of your sufferings by the hand of a Christian Divine? Where will you find a good *Samaritan*? for, alas! this *Levite*, not like his brother of old, content to turn aside an indifferent head, points a sword to rip up your yet unclosed wounds. Bereaved of property, and of every comfort in life, for your steady attachment to your duty, your King and your country, you must yet suffer greater ills!—Banished from your friends and connections, with bleeding hearts and mangled limbs, you must be sent to tread the barren wild, or seek the inhospitable shore, without prospect of peace till you shall reach that haven where the weary are at rest!—This
is

is the doom assigned you by one who should speak the language of peace; but, it would seem, the gall of asps is within him.—Follow not his example; but “pray for them that persecute and despitefully use you.”—Remember the words of the poet—

“Should Fate command me to the farthest verge

“Of the green earth—to distant barbarous climes—

“Rivers unknown to song;—where first the Sun

“Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

“Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me,

“Since God is ever present—ever felt—

“In the void waste as in the city full;

“And where He vital breathes there must be joy.”

MAY the consolations of Heaven support you, and mitigate your sorrows—Many a heart feels for your unhappy situation, and commiserates your distress; for we are not all so flinty as this Reverend Doctor. May your new visitor's appointment be in the remote settlements, where the fierce Indians will teach him a lesson of humanity.

A Friend to the Unfortunate.

E. C.

SIR,

S I R,

AMIDST the general discontent at the taxes, you seem uninformed of the most serious of any yet announced. It is said with confidence that a general combination is forming among the BACHELORS of the two kingdoms to petition Parliament for a repeal of their tax. Circular letters will soon be issued, calling meetings over the whole island. It is meant to represent, that it is *partial*, *unjust*, and *oppressive*, to tax Bachelors, unless Government had furnished them with a list of such females as are entitled to be honourably addressed; for, if their characters are as much disguised as their bodies, by the present fashionable dresses, those are most fortunate who have the least connection with them.

THE prayer of the petition, it is said, is to be, “That a list be forthwith made out of all the worthy virgin spinsters within the several parishes; and of the widows of honourable character, under a certain age, in a separate column: That attention may be paid to exclude from said list all known and professed courtezans; and still more, those of a much worse character, who, with apparent virtue, are slyly vicious, and to criminality add deceit! That all *scolds*—*vixens*—*profuse squanderers*—*gadabouts*—*flat-terns*—*gamblers*—and such as are fond of *cordials*, be arranged under proper heads.

I F

IF this is granted, it is said, the Bachelors will voluntarily offer to arrange their corps also under different heads, as—those of *acknowledged merit—fortune—idlers—drunkards—fops—fribbles—gamesters—blackguards*, and—*such as quietly live the life of beasts.*

IT is thought this petition will occasion a very warm and long debate. Government will support the tax, and the Premier's being a Bachelor will strike the majority of the House with the sense, that it was public-spirited and disinterested in the Minister to bring it forward. The next speaker, on the same side, will probably say—That the reasons set forth in the petition are altogether *nugatory*; that he is *free to say* that there is a *reciprocity* in the matter that must strike every one, and deserves the attention of the House: That, for his part, if women are so vicious that men will not marry, it is wise in Government to make *private vice* a *public benefit*.—The exigencies of Government must be supplied; and, for his part, he *scouted* the motion. A member of the Opposition Bench will probably rise. He is astonished to hear such bold assertion, without the shadow of argument—The petitioners are an aggrieved set of people—They are a numerous, a wealthy, a respectable body; and, whether he had any connection or not with such an honourable class of men, he would unawed candidly speak his mind upon the subject—He thought the petitioners were well founded in their opposition to the tax—The sex he knew

too well!—(a loud laugh)—Were men breathing the spirit of liberty—conscious of their noble independence, to be taxed into slavery—the worst—the most debasing slavery—forced by the minister of the day into the insupportable chains of matrimony. Delicacy forbids him to use strong language. What heart that felt as a man would not repel such proceeding? But an Honourable Gentleman on the opposite side of the House had said, If things are so, why should not Government make *private vice* a *public benefit*? Who that hears this does not smile with contempt: I will not enlarge on it: His Majesty's Ministers should therefore increase the *vice*, that all men, for the public benefit, may remain Bachelors. He heartily wished the petition success, and hoped every unbiaſſed member would give it his support.

AFTER this, probably, a desultory conversation will take place. Some new members asking questions for information—some personalities, noway connected with the subject of debate, and then explanations being made, the tax, without a division, will remain as it did.

I am, &c.

SPECULATOR.

E. C.

SIR,

S I R,

Edin. Nov. 27. 1784.

AFTER a residence of many years abroad, I am now returned to my native country, with a decent competency, and intend to settle as a domestic man, if I can find a woman to my liking. I have often heard matrimonial advertisements ridiculed; but I know two of the happiest matches, perhaps, in the island, which were formed by a letter in the newspapers; and I therefore take the liberty of writing you on this subject. To me the society here is now quite different from what it was—my old connections are gone—a new race appears, to whom I am a stranger; and, let me tell you, female manners, from the little I have seen, are very different from what I left them; and it is a long time before one can find out characters. Upon these accounts, allow me to convey a few lines through the channel of your paper, respecting what I am, and what the woman must be that I would wish to marry.

I received a strictly virtuous and exemplary education; thanks to my worthy parents, now in Heaven. I went from the university at nineteen, and have returned at thirty-six, in good health and spirits. I was turned out on the world with a good education, good principles, and a hundred pounds in my pocket. I am come back, I hope, with improvement, and can afford to spend 600l. a-year.

B b

I was

I was educated a Presbyterian, but am no bigot; for, where the principles are good, and the heart is sincere, external form, in my opinion, is of little consequence. My religion is that of the New Testament fairly interpreted.

My education, before I launched into the world, gave me a taste for reading and inquiry, which kept me out of many a scene of extravagance, folly, and dissipation. This taste I still retain; and I prefer the company of humble worth to that of splendid vice—of rational domestic comfort to showy insignificance.

My stature is about the middle size, being about five feet eight inches, and not too corpulent in my own opinion:—My complexion rather dark, from long residence in a warm climate, but which a winter in Scotland may perhaps bleach a little. My friends are kind enough to say I am good-natured and cheerful; and they have always courted my company.

Now let me mention what kind of woman I would wish to wed. I care not for fortune, provided she can accommodate herself to my income; but, if with fortune, she possesses the other requisites that follow, so much the better. I would have her the daughter of a virtuous, attentive, sensible mother; for I hold mothers to be the best or worst members of society, according as they do their duty. One virtuously and religiously educated; for
women

women cannot have too much religion, if it is accompanied with good sense. I would wish her to be so well informed as to make a conversible companion; but she must not have been an indiscriminate reader, especially at circulating libraries, as I would not have her mind either corrupted or giddy with extravagant views of life. I would have her accustomed to simple, chaste, and elegant manners; not possessing the half-breeding of vulgar opulence, nor used to the free manners of dissipated high life. I would rather look for her in the bosom of retirement, practising every domestic virtue and amiable accomplishment, than in the haunts of dissipation, gaiety, and folly. I would wish her to possess rather a mild and gentle temper than a quick and very lively disposition; as this last, if it has not been duly attended to, generally degenerates into flippancy and pertness. I would wish her to be amiable, not witty; all her actions indicating a well-turned and delicate mind, with kind affections.

WITH regard to her appearance, I would rather have it what is called agreeable than beautiful; her stature not too tall; her age from twenty to thirty.

IF any of your correspondents can aid me to such a person, or inform how I can get acquainted, I shall be infinitely obliged to them. Their letters shall be thankfully received, duly answered, and their correspondence treated with the strictest honour and secrecy. Let me take the liberty of desiring

firing them to be put under cover to you, with a direction to

ASIATICUS.

E. C.

[It would appear that several letters had been received in answer to the above, from the following being soon after printed.]

S I R,

Edin. Dec. 11.

I AM much obliged to you for the insertion of my letter of Nov. 27. and for the punctuality in transmitting your communications, many of which were elegant and satisfactory. By your means I have been introduced to the correspondence of LAURA, whose character, manners, and accomplishments, lead me to the most flattering prospects of happiness.

SHE fully answers the description I gave of the woman to be wished for as the companion for life; and I am happy to say, from the intelligence I have received, that there are many such left.

By being so long a stranger to my native country, I was led to a mode of application which would perhaps be reckoned uncommon, but I hope it was by
none

none deemed indelicate. I gave assurance of the strictest honour, which shall be inviolably preserved. Were such a method more frequently practised, it might be the means of bringing many worthy characters together, whose minds are fitted for each other, but whom accident or unacquaintance keep asunder.—I have several acquaintances, richer and more deserving than myself, but similar in other respects, whom I shall advise to follow my example. May it be their lot, by discriminating characters, to escape the worthless, and gain the amiable.

ASIATICUS.

E. C.

S I R,

THE account in a late paper of a young woman having taken poison, or died in consequence of a disappointment in marriage, is truly affecting and melancholy, and affords a very instructive lesson to the female sex. You have informed us (and I know it to be a fact), that the young pair went to be married, but having neglected to procure the necessary certificate, the clergyman, very properly, refused to perform the ceremony. The young couple, however, resolving to be man and wife from that time, went together, and agreed to adjust matters of form
the

the next day; but when the day appeared, the man refused to fulfil the engagement.

THIS transaction is worthy of some reflections, which, perhaps, may be useful to society.

IT may be asked, what is the feeling of every honest and virtuous mind, on reading the above narrative? It will probably be, that of pity and compassion for the unfortunate young woman; particularly so, as the event strongly proves that she must, before this incident, have been virtuous and deserving. Had she been of a loose or worthless character—such sensibility to shame—such attachment—such anguish of mind, would not have appeared.

WHILE we feel pity for her, we also feel indignation against the man who occasioned her untimely end. No man of honesty and sensibility of heart would have acted so dishonourable a part, or led a virtuous young woman into such a situation. True love, which must be founded on esteem, is distant, bashful, respectful, and incapable of injuring the object of attachment. Libertinism is deceitful, brutal, impudent, and will assume any disguise to betray, and will afterwards triumph and reproach. Of this last description, it would seem, had been the attention of the man to this poor unfortunate young woman: But there are many (and of her own sex too) who will condemn the girl only; and say she had herself to blame!—How cautious and guarded ought
women

women to be respecting their conduct!—It is said, “That the woman who deliberates is lost.”—If she even hesitate a moment respecting the line of her duty, it may be expected she will fall into dishonour, contempt, and ruin.—From the moment a woman permits familiarity, although not criminal, she sinks in the estimation of the man to whom she allows the freedom, besides putting it in his power to expose her to others; and in the calm hour of reflection she is despised for the liberty she had granted. He spurns at every idea of honourable connection with such a person; for she who will permit unbecoming freedom before marriage, it is reasonable to suppose, will not be very circumspect after it; and in no situation is the mind of man so much awake to sensibility and delicacy, as respecting the character and conduct of the woman he wishes to marry.

IF a woman has ever gone beyond the bounds of delicacy and virtue, she never can expect to gain a husband, but by appearing what she really is not.—She then must assume an artificial manner—become a hypocrite—a liar—and a cheat; for she is conscious that no man worth the gaining would have taken her, if he had known circumstances.—Her character is disguised and despicable; and when discovered by the husband, which, if he is a man even of very ordinary sense and observation, he soon will do (for an artificial manner cannot always be kept up)—then farewell every prospect of domestic tranquillity and comfort!—The home which should have been

been to him a temple of peace, becomes the abode of torment—The affection of her who should have soothed his cares is lost or despised, and misery and anguish drag to both a lengthening chain to the close of life!—Learn then, ye fair, the high importance, to yourselves and to society, of modesty, circumspection, and delicacy in your deportment. It is melancholy to think what a number of naturally fine young creatures have banished themselves for ever from every prospect of domestic comfort, and rendered themselves outcasts of society by imprudence, bad companions, and inattention.

How careful ought parents to be, to store the minds of their children with proper principles, and to confirm them by good example. At no time was such advice so requisite as at present, when so many of the young are familiar with vice so early, and the basest means are used to corrupt the rising generation.

I shall conclude with quoting the lines of a poet who knew the human character—the springs of action—and the best interests of mankind in a very eminent degree. May they be indelibly fixed in every female breast.

Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict—round beset with woes—
And man whom least she fears—her worst of foes!
When kind—most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.

Cruel

Cruel by Nature, they for kindness hate;
 And scorn you, for those ills themselves create.
 If, on your fame, our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
 Most hard!—In pleasing your chief glory lies;
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
 Then please the best; and know, for men of sense,
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 In simple manners, all the secret lies—
 Be kind and virtuous—you'll be blest and wise.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Sept. 25. 1784.

H E N R Y.

E. C.

A Public Masquerade was first attempted in Edinburgh in March 1786, by the following advertisement,

A MASQUERADE.

J. DUNN begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that there is to be a *MASQUERADE* in his rooms on Thursday the 2d of March next. The price of tickets one guinea to Gentlemen, and half-a-guinea to Ladies.

N. B. The rooms in the Hotel will be set apart for the different accommodation of the Ladies and Gentle-

C c

men,

men, with proper persons for the purpose of dressing.—Refreshments and wines, sweetmeats, &c. &c. in the tea room. A band of music will attend, and the whole will be conducted with the strictest regularity and decorum.—No admittance on any account into the gallery, nor servants into the lower part of the house.—The doors to be opened at six o'clock.

THE Masquerade was to be held on Thursday the 2d of March. On the Saturday immediately preceding, the following advertisement appeared, and, on the Monday morning, intimation was given, that there would be no Masquerade, and the money taken for tickets would be returned, on sending to the Hotel.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

M. SLACKJAW begs leave to inform the public, That she is to open a GRAND MASQUERADE WAREHOUSE, next door to the New Chapel, in Register Street, and a few doors from Dunn's Rooms. She every hour expects a very fine assortment of Mask Dresses, from Tavistock-street and the Haymarket, London. Among others, a great variety of fancy dresses for ladies—such as, *Queens of various countries and sizes, Sultanas, Gypsies, Vestal Virgins, Columbines, Dutch Milk-maids, Hay-makers, Fortune-tellers, Ballad-singers, Black and White Nuns, Nobodies,*

bodies, &c. &c. Also a very becoming dress for a *Mad Maid of Bedlam*, with sparkling chains to fit easy and genteel—An elegant mourning habit for *Jephtha's daughter*—A *Calista*, with a Fan, which may be easily seen through—A fine flesh-coloured suit for *Eve*, as close as life—Also emblematical dresses for *Fashion, Folly, Night, and Aurora*.

N. B. She had commissioned a *Lucretia*, but her correspondent says, no such character could be found at present in London

For such ladies as chuse more simple disguises, she has provided *Dominos, Jalousies*—and also the smaller articles of dress, such as *prominent Bosoms* and *Behinds*, from the most enormous to the most moderate; and *cool* and *airy* masks of all kinds.

CONVENIENT rooms will be ready, adjoining to the shop, for adjusting ceremonies, and settling plans, in case the apartments in the Hotel allotted for accommodation should be too much crowded.—As the sole relish of this rational and elegant entertainment depends upon *secrecy*, customers may be assured that effectual means will be taken that no person in one chamber shall know what is going on in the next.

SHE has also been solicited by several of her friends to commission GENTLEMENS MASKS; but as fashionable gentlemen at present require little additional disguise in comparison with the ladies, she will
not

not boast of the same variety in this department.—Those who have no characters to support (by much the greatest number, no doubt, upon such occasions), may be supplied with various coloured Dominos.—She has ordered a few excellent *Devils* masks, with *gilded* horns—a very good *Don Quixote*, with a shining Mambrino—a young *Bacchus*, but as the character is so common, particular decorations will be given—Several *running Footmen*, *Jockies*, *Harlequins*, *Chimney-sweeps*—Many good dresses for *Sir Johns* and *Jackie Brutes*—*Men Midwives*, with circumstantial printed advertisements—*Calibans*, *Cupids*, and *Adonises* in abundance—A very elegant dress for *Mad Tom*, the blanket being worked like a modern shawl, and the crown filled with goose feathers in place of straw, the pole a *Lochaber-axe*—A very good *Knave of Clubs*, and a *Ninth of Diamonds*—A very fine *Dancing Bear*, and *Oran Outang*, fitted to represent human nature either in its *improved* upright state, or in its *primitive*, upon all fours—*N. B.* with or without tails—With many other *original characters* too tedious to mention—Enquire at the warehouse. A fine group, meant to represent an Exciseman tormenting a Landholder, a Distiller, and a Farmer, accompanied with a John Bull laughing.

IT is rumoured, that the MANAGER has been applied to for dresses; but ladies and gentlemen are requested to take notice, that they can only be served, in this way, with *frippery* that has been *exposed* to public view these twenty years.

FOR

* * FOR particular friends, who may happen not to be prepared, she has provided some excellent *bon mots* and *repartees*, warranted not to be found in the jest books. She makes a special bargain, however, that (after being spoken) they shall not be sent to the newspapers, as she foresees, from the advancing state of this country, that they may again be wanted, and injury might be done to her trade by publishing them.

✧ *This not to be repeated*, as the advantage is clearly on the side of the purchaser, and not of the seller; and the public ought to think themselves much obliged to the advertiser for this *single* notice.

E. C.

[The

[The following letters appeared periodically in the
Edinburgh Evening Courant.]

L E T T E R I.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old,
he will not depart from it. SOLOMON.

S I R,

Feb. 18. 1786.

IN compliance with the fashion of essayists, I beg leave to introduce myself to your acquaintance by a quotation from an antiquated author, of whom, by the way, I am no admirer, but my mind is of that affimilating nature, that it can draw nourishment even from poisonous sources. You must know, Sir, I look with a jealous eye to all periodical papers.—The newspapers that have been conducted by my secret influence have always been the most successful; and the magazines which I patronise are the most read. When the *Lounger* was announced, I confess I was led by the title to hope that it would be a publication suited to my sentiments and opinions. I am sorry, however, to say that my hopes have been disappointed, and that it has hitherto been inimical to my views and wishes respecting men and manners. Opinions, Sir, should vary, like all other things, with the *fashion*, and not be thrown out to stem the tide of freedom and fashionable enjoyments. You have fortunately lived, Sir, to see an *ease* of manners, and

a *liberality* of sentiment, pervade all ranks of society, which were hitherto unknown in *your* country.— People in Scotland formerly read, thought, and reasoned too much; which produced a certain strictness of manners, and a cramped attention to decorum, which provoked me exceedingly. They would then talk of restraints of duty, of moral obligation, and conscience, of decency and propriety of conduct, and such like stuff. But now there is a happy thoughtless frivolity and ease of manners introduced, when people may do what they please, and not be the worse thought of by the world; and this, Sir, let me tell you, is true *liberality* of mind.

THERE was formerly a certain stately dignity of character, that was above doing a mean or an immoral action. The lines of duty, and the laws of decorum, were ascertained and attended to. But all this produced a kind of stiffness of manners, and often prevented people from doing what they had an inclination to, very unsuitable to a pleasure-loving age.

THERE was formerly a certain *nothingness* of character, which was despised in society, but which now, by a few easy-attained fashionable rules, and the pursuit of fashionable pleasures, is highly raised in the scale of importance. Labour and study to acquire manly principles, useful knowledge, elegant manners and accomplishments, are now unnecessary. It must be allowed, that it is much easier now to be

a gentleman than formerly; and this, of itself, is a very great improvement. A late very elegant friend of mine has shown, that a person's whole life and conduct ought to be falsehood and deceit; and if to this he can add bowing and flattery, he is a gentleman to all intents and purposes. But, however much a person may deserve the appellation of a liar, it must not be told, without the offence being appeased by blood. And I do not dislike this fashion; it keeps up good manners; besides, as I am always glad to see my friends, I cannot be displeased if they should come to me before they were expected.

I HAVE a strong affection for all mankind, and wish to see society conducted upon my plan. I mean to attempt this, Sir, by your means; and shall open my scheme to you.—A wise politician always pays attention to the rising generation, in order to get hold of young minds before inimical prejudices are formed; and thus, in time, he is enabled to bring forward a party that baffles all opposition. The first habits of youth, you will generally find, determine the future character and conduct. I have the most flattering prospect at present from the rising generation of both sexes; and, as they will soon occupy the places of their predecessors, I entertain the most sanguine hopes of soon seeing society here what I have long desired.

I DECLARE my system of education to be that of the most perfect freedom, and am averse to every
kind

kind of restraint. A late ingenious author of your country (who, by the way, troubled himself too much about what he esteemed to be the public good), says, in a little treatise, called the *Art of Thinking*, “Men commonly owe their good or bad qualities as much to education as to nature.”

IN this sentiment, however, he was right; and, as fashionable people, and people of business, are, now-a-days, too much occupied (the first with their amusements, and the second with their affairs and pleasures), to be troubled with the care and education of their children, I mean to give a short plan to make the matter as easy for them as possible.—They cannot doubt of my regard for their offspring, for I take this trouble out of pure love and regard to them.—I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

L E T T E R II.

S I R,

YOU gave a place to my last, and it is well that you did; for my resentment might have given you more vexation than a hundred of your own *devils*. I laid down a text, viz. *Train up a child*, &c. which I mean now to prosecute, for I can preach as well as

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some of my enemies the clergy, and, sure I am, my doctrine will be found more palatable, and my precepts easier to follow, than theirs.

I SHALL first speak of the training of boys.

As soon as the child comes into the world, have a nurse provided (if you possibly can afford one), however sound the mother's constitution may be. Let it remain in the house till the great dinner and drink is given on the brat's getting a name, usually called the Christening. This will, perhaps, be the happiest day the father will experience upon its account; and his guests will probably be made so drunk, upon the joyful occasion, that they will curse him and his brat for many days after. This being over, send it off with the nurse. It is not fit that the mother, in her poor weak way, or the father, with his company, should be disturbed with the squalling of the child, or the lullabies of a vulgar creature of a nurse. The woman may be directed, however, to bring it with her when she comes to receive her quarter's payment; but if it should be dead, she may bring any other child of the same age—The father and mother won't know the difference!

WHEN the child is weaned, it must be brought home, no doubt; for one does not know what to do with it. By being gaudily dressed, it may however serve the pleasing purpose of sometimes gratifying vanity.

TAKE

TAKE special care to have a handsome smart young woman to keep the child. Desire her to be always showy in her appearance. It is not fit that your child should be carried about by a person who is only plain and clean, and whose attire is suitable to her wages. Give her a half-worn silk gown and flounced petticoat, with other showy articles of dress. If she is tolerably well looked, she will *contrive* to keep up the show for your credit, and your child will have the advantage of being early introduced into *company*, and of seeing *the world* much sooner than you are aware of.

WHEN the child begins to prattle, let it be brought to table after dinner, and let the father, for the amusement of the company, teach its weak organs to pronounce what are called *bad words*; learn it to lisp oaths—swearing is a fashionable accomplishment, and should be taught early, *that when he is old he may not depart from it.*

“ Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
“ To teach the young idea how to shoot,
“ To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
“ And breathe th’ enlivening spirit.” —

IT is very diverting to a company to hear the first efforts of speech exerted in attempting the *bon ton* language. Besides, the servants will assist you in this, as private tutors below stairs, without additional wages.

WHEN

WHEN the child is peevish, and desires what it should not have, don't let the *poor thing* fret, but give it what it wants. By encouraging this habit, he will in time save you the trouble of judging for him, by taking what he wants, whether you think proper or not. If, by his own rashness, he knocks his head or foot against a table or chair, never fail to beat and abuse the table or chair for having done the injury. By and by, if a servant, companion, or even his parent, should accidentally hurt him, he will not fail to follow the example, by kicking or beating them; and this shews *spirit*. When he comes to have play-fellows, let them be always those of inferior rank. Let your son tell them, that they get their dinner from his papa for being kind to him. If he should desire any of their toys, and a contest should arise, chide the little fellow who rebels for contradicting your dear boy's humour.

SOME parents have a foolish way of teaching their children the golden rule, "*to do to others as they would wish to be done to themselves in like circumstances.*" The instilling of this principle often cramps the humour of children, and checks a bold tyrannical spirit, which I reckon a princely endowment.

SOME harsh parents have also a practice of chastising their children, when they are obstinately capricious or deceitful. Most mothers, however, will agree with me, that it is shocking to put the poor little
creatures

creatures under any restraint, for they look so *vastly* pretty when they are pleased, and then it hurts one's *feelings* to see them out of humour. When he is fit to go to school, give special charge to the master not to chastise your dear boy. Indeed you won't have your child beat, whatever his faults may be.— Pay, however, handsomely, that you may not be affronted by your son being very low in the class.— The notice he cannot attract by his own application, you may try to obtain by a handsome quarter's payment; and be sure to raise his reputation in the school, by a genteel donation at Candlemas; let it be at least a *quater floreat*. Having been accustomed to constant indulgence, the *noble* feelings of resentment and revenge will glow with ardour in his breast, on any attempt to controul him. If his master should chastise him, he will shew that he cannot brook contradiction, by giving a blow. If a companion should accidentally offend him, a *knife* will revenge the offence, and sorrow and contrition he will utterly disdain. Every appearance of gentleness, tenderness, modesty, or affection, should be checked early, if you wish him to be a *man of fashion*, and a modern *fine fellow*.

YOU may get a private tutor to attend your son, and pray pay attention to the character of the one you chuse. Do not let him be of a serious or studious turn, but one who is acquainted with life; one who wishes to appear as little of the clergyman or scholar as possible, but what is called A JOLLY
DOG,

DOG, who will sit with you and take his bottle, join in your toasts, listen to your feats of drinking or hunting, and such gentleman-like subjects of discourse;—one who will not be too strict in looking after your boy, or give him a head-ach by keeping him too close to his lessons. Let your son often sit with you after dinner, and teach him to drink his glass and give his toast. Let him see you get drunk now and then. This is the true method to prevent his catching *unfashionable* manners.

FOLLOW my *paradoxical* friend Rousseau's advice as to RELIGION. Let all instruction on this subject come as late as possible. Children who learn with wonderful facility all other branches of knowledge, cannot conceive that they shall be accountable for their actions; that the Deity is witness to all they do, and will reward the good, and punish the bad. Such doctrine checks the propensities of nature.—But let the passions open, and let habits be acquired, and you may then preach religion as much as you please; for it will have as little effect as I wish it to have. Your own practice at home will also confirm your son in the belief, that it is all a farce, and that there is nothing so tiresome. That I may not appear so, I shall at present conclude, and resume the subject in my next.—I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

LETTER

L E T T E R I I I .

S I R,

March 18. 1786.

A CERTAIN philosopher of Ancient Greece used frequently to go to an elevated situation of the city on the market days, and call out to the people as they passed—"If you wish for happiness at home, or safety to the state,—EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN." So say I; but my plan of education is suited to the present state of society, and considerable alterations, it will be allowed, have taken place since the days of Ancient Greece.

THERE is a book called the BIBLE, and particularly that part called the NEW TESTAMENT, which I utterly abhor. Pray keep it *carefully* out of your son's hands; for one does not know what passage may strike his mind, and totally ruin the plan of making him a *fine fellow*. As you make little use of it yourself, except in the way of ridicule and witticism, there is no danger of its doing much harm; and the tutor (if you have made a right choice) will only use it to enable him to get a living, without having any conviction of the truths it contains upon his heart. Never speak to your son respecting his duty to God, to society, or himself. Let all your precepts and example teach him to please himself, and

and gratify his passions, without regard to the rights of others.

IT is delightful now-a-days to hear how my young friends speak of *hell*. They mention it with as much familiarity as if it was their *father's house*; and, POOR THINGS! they shall always be welcome to my habitation. If a civil question is asked at them, or if they invite a companion to go to any frolic, and he refuses, they pleasantly retort, *Go to hell*; that is no more than to say, *Go home*, where they will always find a *warm* reception.

LET your son ramble about wherever he pleases, and particularly in the evenings (for I love works of darkness), and make no enquiries where he has been; for, if you do, you won't be much the wiser. He will by this practice acquire a free, bold, and forward manner, much above his years, to the surprise of every serious thinking person. Let him associate with what companions he pleases; and, as you have in your city a very *indulgent* police (or rather no police at all), he will find, at every step, plenty of idle boys and girls, of all ages, on the street ready for any frolic. Your late dinners, card parties, or public amusements, no doubt, will put it out of your power to attend to your son; but you need not think of him—by my plan, he will find amusement for himself. If he comes home in the evening, before the card party is broke up, and his father should chide him, let mama observe (*betwixt*
the

the deals) that really she can see no good to be got by always poring over books. The child's health might suffer by confinement. Young master hearing this once or twice will soon learn as much artifice as to evade ever looking at a book. What signifies Greek and Latin, or knowledge, or morals, to a *fine gentleman*.

WHEN the boy does any thing uncommonly vicious, or deceitful for his years, laugh at the frolic, for it shows *spunk*. Stroak his head upon such occasions, and call him, in a kindly tone, a *wicked little rogue*, or a *little Pickle*. He will, from this treatment, every day improve, and *Pickle* will soon become a *very wicked dog indeed*. Don't restrict him from keeping company with the servants, or reading improving ballads with the maids; for he should know all characters,

AND now comes the time when the most necessary part of modern education should be attended to, and that is DANCING. This is the period to form your son either a *pretty gentleman*, by some thick-pated people called a *coxcomb*; or a *fine fellow*, not unfrequently termed a *blackguard*: But it is not unlikely you may succeed in making him a part of both, which is the most *fashionable* of all characters. This branch of education he will probably be fonder of than any other; and therefore give him as much of it as he pleases, although all that is made of it now-a-days is to be able to *scamper* through a coun-

try dance. Gracefulness, elegance, and taste, are totally out of fashion in dancing. Romping is the *ton*. The frolicking with the misses will please him *vastly*, and the *evening* practisings he will delight in.

LET mamma study now to dress him well, by giving him laced linen, the most fashionable large buckles, handsome silk stockings, embroidered waistcoats, and every *tonish* piece of dress in perfection. The father, if he is (what is called) a sensible man, will probably remonstrate against all this finery, and represent dancing as only a frivolous and secondary accomplishment: But the proper way of reasoning for mothers is, to hold these as antiquated notions: The poor fellow must be clean; and then it looks so *vastly pretty and genteel*, and the misses will be quite in love with him—Had not Lord B——'s son such a dress? and Sir R. S——'s son such another? Ten to one but the father may say—People of rank's children are the most simply dressed. This, however, must be laughed at, and master will be indulged. When the ball comes about, the *dear boy* must have pocket-money, and surely nothing *ripens* a young person more than plenty of pocket-money. The same sort of father may perhaps say—What occasion has his son for money?—he gets what is proper for him, and money he may put to improper purposes—All he can want at a ball is perhaps an orange,

BUT it must be answered, Poor thing! it makes
him

him *so happy*! and then Master *Such-a-one* had so much money at the last ball, and people must be neighbour like, you know. Not that I would give our son so much gold as—Gold! perhaps the father will interrupt hastily. Why, Mrs Careful, who has the best bred sons at the school, gives them only sixpence, and it is enough. There was but last year a parcel of your *pocket-money* BOYS had a hot supper and a drink! in a neighbouring tavern, instead of their bread and milk. Others again bought negus (which, by the way, ought always to be *permitted* at dancing school balls, and made strong), and the consequence of all this was, that a number of boys got drunk, disturbed the company, and insulted the girls.—The answer to this remonstrance of the father is plain enough, viz. Your dear boy is better bred, and won't do so; therefore give him the money, and make the boy happy.

IF the father is a man of an easy temper, or one of the *ton*, who follows his own pleasures, he will let the mother and the son do just as they please, and then all parties will be satisfied, which is what I wish.

BY following this plan, which is now indeed very much practised, your son will be a MAN at twelve, a boy all the rest of his life. And as you mortals wish to remain young as long as you can, this system cannot fail of being very agreeable. It would be tedious to suit this plan of education to every condition;

tion; but discerning parents will be easily able to apply the general principle to particular situations.

IN my next I shall introduce my young man a little more into life.—I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

L E T T E R IV.

Now has your *well-train'd* son mature attain'd
 The joyful prime, when youth, elate and gay,
 Steps into life, and follows, unrestrain'd,
 Where passion leads, or pleasure points the way.

S I R,

March 26. 1786.

IN my last I approved of parents making their sons MEN at twelve, that they might be BOYS all the rest of their lives; and as people wish to remain young as long as they can, I hope the system was not displeasing. If I may judge from practice, it is indeed much otherwise than displeasing, and it undoubtedly has a manifest advantage in saving time. Why, Sir, a few years ago, a BOY in your country was a BOY till he had passed the greatest part of his academical studies, and bashfulness and modesty even
 marked

marked the demeanour of riper years. Boys were then laughed at, and hissed by their school-fellows, as silly insignificant puppies, who were taken up about dress, or in attending the misses : But now, before they have half learned their grammar and exercises, they commence *men of gallantry*; after which parents and masters may *attempt* indeed to teach them, but in reality their education is *finished*. The *mauvaise honte*, which my friend Chesterfield labours so much to conquer, is now *soon* got over, and you have *knowing* little fellows long before they go to college. Some of your graver sort of people wonder at the *pertness* and *impudence* of the boys, but these *unfashionable* people are wearing out.

SOME moral writers (who, by the way, I am glad to see so little attended to), boldly assert, that IGNORANCE OF VICE IS THE SUREST GUARDIAN OF VIRTUE. This is strange doctrine to hold in this enlightened age! when knowledge of what *they* are pleased to call VICE is so much in fashion; and, among the young, it is the only knowledge *valued*, or even talked of—nay also among those who are no *chickens*!—Indeed a young person cannot remain long ignorant, in your *improving* state of police and manners; and all *preceptors*, as well as myself, say, that the more a young person knows, so much the better.

By the former system, a young person's taste and principles were formed before he became a man—he

he had sources of elegant entertainment within himself—a relish was formed for the acquisition of knowledge from works of genius—the study of nature—the pursuit of moral science—the fine arts, &c. while frivolous amusement and dissipation were held as unmanly and unworthy. But how much *superior* to all these is the present early knowledge of life!—The pursuit of a hare or a fox—or of an honest man's wife or daughter—a taste for champaign and claret—for dress—for cards—horse-racing—cock-fighting—tavern parties—and, above all, the *divine culinary science*!—This is to live!—the other was to think—and which, I pray you, has the better bargain?—Every *fine fellow* will tell you, if you are doubtful.

As you have hitherto been very indulgent to me, I will not oppress you with a long letter at present, but prosecute the steps of *fashionable* education in my next.

I am, &c

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

LETTER

L E T T E R . V.

Vast happiness enjoy my gay allies!

A youth of folly—an old age of cares:

Young, yet enervate;—old, yet never wise;

Vice wastes their body, and their mind impairs.

S I R,

April 1. 1786.

IT is the *charming* characteristic of the present times, that no restraint is put on the inclinations of YOUTH; that they are early introduced into life—to public amusements; and that they soon commence *men of the world*. Some people complain, that habits of *licentiousness* and *profligacy* are contracted before proper PRINCIPLES and TASTE are established; and hence, characters are formed, which must turn out *ignorant, vicious, and despicable* in life. These notions, however, should be ridiculed. What they call *licentiousness*, is no more than *freedom*, the acknowledged birth-right of every Briton; and, if health permits it (or whether it permits or not), why should not young people *enjoy* life in the way they like it! It is in vain to urge, that they will be *despicable* in life, for they can only be *like their neighbours*, and then there is no room for *contempt*. Custom can give sanction to any extravagance, and the multitude of the profligate gives countenance to what (in more sober times) might indeed be reckoned

oned the most pernicious vices. But there is now happily a liberal way of thinking, and *freedom* and *ease* is the fashion. There is now no such thing as *shame*, that painful feeling, and young people, who can glory in nothing else, have always their *profligacy* left to boast of without a blush; and in this they are supported by many *older fellows* than themselves. It is no uncommon thing for father and son, tutor and pupil, to mix in licentious discourse, to laugh at religion—principles of rectitude and decorum. This is the very state of society I hope to see universal, and it is *coming on* to my wish.

I formerly reckoned this a most *unfriendly* climate, but things are greatly mended, and, in order to *ripen* the harvest, I shall subjoin a few directions.

If the son has been educated upon the plan pointed out in my former letters, and which I have reason to think is the most approved of, he will make a rapid progress towards being a *fashionable fine fellow*.

HAVING no restraint upon his mind from a sense of duty to his CREATOR, the witness and judge of all he does—not having been taught to consider the motives of his actions, or to act from principles of justice, by doing to others in every case as he would wish to be done to himself in like circumstances—having no sense of obedience to parents from duty or affection—having had no ideas impressed upon
his

his mind of the destiny of his nature—the importance of time—or of fulfilling the duties of the station allotted him—all such things being reckoned much above his comprehension, or neglected till he becomes a man; he will, before you imagine, consider himself *a man* without them, and be as free as the inhabitants of the forest; and like them, too, he will act. His own inclinations will be the only rule of his conduct, and these he will pursue without regard to any view but present gratification.

AND now comes the mother's vexation; the father's uneasiness will come a little later. SHE must wink at all her son's faults, and carefully conceal them, especially as they will generally reflect upon her own conduct. If the father should chide him, or be harsh for his misdemeanours, it must be represented by the mother that it will break the boy's *spirit*. If the father should make any enquiry about the conduct of his son, or how he has passed his time, let the mother amuse him with a *cock and a bull* story. The boy will soon learn, from the example, to deceive them both; or, if he should be detected in a falsehood (although he has always been told to tell the truth), he will very naturally say, did you not do so yourself? I have no objection to parents giving good precepts, if they contradict them in practice. If he should live some years, the parents need not be surprised if he should *curse* the way he had been brought up; but more of this afterwards. The mother may, perhaps, upon occasions, find it

necessary to give her son advice; but her admonitions will now come too late. Her words go for nothing; he knows her indulgence too well, and he can coax her at any time. She must carefully conceal all his faults, *for fear* they should be corrected.

IF the father is a *right* father, let him *swear freely* before his son, and, by way of *wit*, bring in *double entendres* in his conversation; but if he has no wit, he may use the *single*, which is much easier understood. His son will soon surpass him in *all the three accomplishments of swearing*, and *double and single entendre*, and will treat his master very properly with disrespect.

SOME people, even *yet*, are scrupulous how they speak before young persons; but this is being over *delicate*. There is nothing more common than for the father to say—"Never mind him, he is but a boy"—My young friends, however, are not so unobserving, and impressions on their minds are indelible. No word or action of those they look up to is lost, and therefore I wish the example to be continued, as it brings them forward in their education.

GIVE your son always plenty of pocket-money, and he will easily find *proper* companions to spend it with. The gingerbread period is now over, and he must now be more amply supplied. He will entertain his companions with what his father *said*, and how he *gulled* his mother. Instead of attending the French or
any

any evening school, he will now and then rake about the streets, and in the groupes of apprentice *boys* and *girls*, and my *more advanced friends*, who, by a proper indulgence of the police, *infest* it, his knowledge and manners will be highly improved. When young misses come to visit at home; they will not find your son *sheepish* or *bashful* ! Some mothers complain, that they dare not trust their daughters out of their sight, the boys are so early vicious, and so soon turn blackguards.—I shall give my advice upon this point, when I come to speak of FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE next step is to have a *fashionable hairdresser*. Your son must have no regular time of dressing, if he wishes to be *fashionable*. Let his hair be combed in the morning—half dressed before dinner—and full dressed in the evening. An hour at least each time must be employed in this *important business*.—Brown powder in the morning—a mixture of brown and white before dinner—and in the evening, *white scented*. In the morning, the hair may be loosely plaited, and turned up like a lady's on the top of the head ; but as this fashion has now got down to *footmen*, some new mode must be devised. Let my young friends always follow the *fashion of the ladies*, and they cannot be far wrong. Your son will receive much instruction by being so long in company every day with the hairdresser. The news of every family he attends, and their economy, will be narrated. How the misses are employed—how to be dressed—their conversation—and their engagements ;
besides

besides he may drop a hint now and then; &c.—By this means the hairdresser will become a most *domestic animal*, and the master or mistress need not be surprised if he should sometimes be their *lodger* for a night. NANNY and BETTY, the servants, are *prudent* girls, and your son or daughter may profit some day by their circumspection!

MR *Pommade* runs no risk of detection in his own intrigue with the maids, unless the mistress is seized with wandering about at untimely hours; or young master should want a glass of water at midnight.

I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

L E T T E R VI.

Vain, idle, senseless, now in thoughtless ease,
 Reserving woes for age—their life they spend;
 But wretched! hopeless! in the evil days,
 With sorrow to the verge of life they tend;
 Tir'd with the present—of the past ashamed—
 They live, and are despis'd :—They die, nor more are nam'd!

S I R,

SUCH is the picture some of your WISE people draw for the generality of the young of the present age. These WISE HEADS represent this life as only the dawn of endless existence;—that it is, therefore,

fore, of importance to consider the destiny of man ! —that happiness, even here, must result from the consciousness of a useful and well spent life ;—and that, to have the stream run clear, care must be taken, that the fountain is not polluted. But all this, like every thing else that is *serious*, in this frolicsome age, should be *ridiculed*. These WISE ONES are weak enough to venture to contrast one of *their fine fellows* with one of *mine* ; but, in reality, there is no comparison. They paint a youth of innocence and simplicity, with the seeds of virtue and piety early implanted, and gradually expanding—a desire of useful knowledge increasing, and, in time, raising the mind to elevation and sublimity, in the contemplation of the immensity of the power, the wisdom, and goodness displayed in the visible creation ; in tracing the nature of man, his powers, his duties, and his destination ;—pursuing sources of delightful entertainment in the history and aspect of mankind, in various periods and situations. They exhibit their young man as possessing a heart warmed with benevolent and kind affections ; his actions guided by justice and reason, and always pursuing the best means to obtain the worthiest ends ;—enjoying the bounties of providence in moderation, with a cheerful and thankful heart ;—despising meanness, selfishness, and deceit, and holding every breach of moral duty as unbecoming a gentleman. Thus educated, they represent him as a warm friend—an entertaining and instructing companion,—perhaps possessing wit, but without grossness or indelicacy, and
never

never with ill nature, but to lash vice—a useful member of society,—amiable, and esteemed in all the relations of life,—regretted in death,—but never dead in the affectionate remembrance of his friends !

BUT, in our *fashionable* language, this is all a *d——d bore*—it is mere *twaddle*. My gay *fine fellows* laugh at all this kind of *stuff*. Such a fellow has no *soul*—no *spunk*—they would not get drunk with him,—he is not enough of the *ton*. Indeed, if any one appears superior to his neighbours in point of knowledge or principle, my friends very properly run him down,—or, if he is young, they soon laugh him out of his notions ;—and do not many philosophers maintain, *That ridicule is the test of truth?* and the many instances that happen of the kind I have mentioned, prove the justness of their doctrine. A very few, indeed, affect to pity and despise my friends, but they gain nothing by this ; for the pity and contempt are mutual, and I have at least ten to one in my favour. My *young friends* make the most of life. They make use of what is set before them, and think not of to-morrow. They are tired sometimes, no doubt, for they *try* their constitutions, to be sure, *pretty freely* ; and vacant hours will happen. But if a *tedium vite* should at last oppress them,—that is (to explain to those who have not learned Latin), if they should have no more relish for *eating and drinking, dancing, playing at cards, gallantry, gambling, and diversions*, there being no other resources of entertainment worth notice, they
very

very properly have the *manliness* to put an end to a life that is become *wearisome*; and thus they boldly extinguish their *spark*, when it will no longer shine with its usual brightness. Lest some of my young friends, however, should mistake the road, by falling in with bad company, or bad example, I shall point out the broad way.

I am to suppose, that my directions for educating your son in early life, without moral or religious principles, to have been followed, and that now he is upon his entrance into life, without a TASTE for knowledge.

ANY little attention your son has hitherto been *obliged* to give to books has been tiresome and irksome. The fatigue of reading or thinking is intolerable. But he will presently sit up whole nights in a tavern, or gallop from sun-rise to sun-set after a pack of hounds, without reckoning it any fatigue at all. He will hate to listen to people of good sense and delicate manners. By the education he has received, he will think himself a *man* long before nature intended he should be, and loose (that is *free*) conversation will, with him, be the harbinger of similar conduct.

SOME moral writers represent, " That few know
" how to be idle and innocent, or have relish for
" any pleasures not criminal;—every diversion they
" take is at the expence of some virtue, and the first
" step from necessary employment, or business, is
" into

“into vice or folly.” To prevent this, these *odd sort of people* recommend the forming a young person’s taste for letters—the fine arts—manly exercises and accomplishments, &c. I have no objection more than *they*, in my plan of education, to fill up vacant hours by reading. It gives a *stimulus* and *zest* to active employment.—My plan of reading, however, is far more *light, easy, and agreeable* than *theirs*.—No regular plan is requisite, and it may be resumed at any time, with *equal improvement*.

WHAT I recommend to your son’s perusal are *modern novels—magazines—comedies and farces—trials for divorce*, which the neighbouring kingdom so amply furnishes now-a-days, and which are always published. Indeed, there are now luckily publishers who will print and sell any thing that does not endanger their ears. Some of them, for the good they have done to my interest, by their total disregard of decency and propriety, should be *rewarded* with the dignified title of *Most Excellent Printers to his Infernal Majesty*.

If your son *can* read French, there is also ample store in that language for his amusement and improvement.

THE novels of the last age were of the grand and heroic kind. They were not a picture of life indeed, but had a tendency to infuse a stately dignity of character, which now is laughed at. The present, with

a few exceptions, are more *warm* and *inflammatory*, and more suited to life and manners, which, to say the truth, are much indebted to these compositions for the liberal progress that is made and still making towards what *I* reckon *perfection*. To the *honour* of this country, a Scotsman was one of the first and the ablest writer in this *delightful* species of composition, and most rapidly did his labours increase the number of my votaries, many of whom are *now* reaping the fruits of the instruction. De Vergy, an Anglo-Frenchman followed next ; and then, a thousand of my *kind* friends after him. It has been said that

“ Fontaine and Chaucer dying, with’d unwrote

“ The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought.”

And a great though falsely admired writer has given this opinion—

“ But in one point is all true wisdom cast,

“ To think THAT early we must think at last.”

BUT such silly sentiments tend to check the glorious liberty of the press ; and this liberty, which has long been without controul, I am much indebted to, and I will not fail to *reward* its bold supporters. Of late years, I have been much obliged by the writings of a French gentleman—the younger Crebillon. His works have been the foundation of some of the most recent, and the most remarkable divorces that ever took place. All these works are *very properly* publicly advertised, and Parliament, with their LORDS SPI-

RITUAL, either see not the consequences, or *very wisely* do not chuse to take notice of them. The Chamberlain also daily gives licences for theatrical performances, quite to my mind, although the King publishes a proclamation for the suppression of vice and immorality. I can have no objection to his Majesty making an appearance of reformation, if the officers of the Crown encourage licentiousness.

I approve much of the great increase of circulating libraries over the kingdom. An indiscriminate reader at these seminaries of knowledge I could not wish to see in a more hopeful train. A circulating library kept by a man of taste, principles, and attention, I would indeed very much dislike; for it might promote a relish for literature and useful knowledge at an easy rate, and he might be patronised by my enemies. But, amidst the great numbers that now abound, this can but rarely happen; therefore I wish them all manner of success.

LET your son read as many of the above sort of books as he pleases. Don't be afraid of his hurting his *eyes*, or of his getting a *head-ach* in such study. He will, for his amusement, also recommend them to the misses, who *may happen to be* more ignorant than himself. As the passions are *not sufficiently* strong of themselves, and *easily* kept under command, the perusal of such books are necessary to give them *due force*. The passions might have lain dormant without such assistance. Your son will now think of
nothing

nothing else but indulgence. He will judge of every female, as the *bestia fera* do of every animal they can conquer, viz. that they are *lawful prey*; and, like them too, he will soon learn to be dextrous in the arts of ensnaring. He may probably tire of the common herd of the abandoned; but any innocent girl who strikes his fancy he will be artful in wiles and stratagems to seduce. It is remarked by some acute observers of human nature, “ That
 “ young people early corrupted are generally in-
 “ human and cruel—that they are impatient, vin-
 “ dictive, impetuous, and frequently brutal in their
 “ manners. They have only one object to occupy
 “ their imagination; in pursuit of which they will
 “ lie, cheat, and deceive, yet reckon themselves gentle-
 “ men upon *honour*.” But all this is no more than to say, that the boys are *bold* and *spirited*, and they do credit to me by their principles and practice.

YOUR son, thus begun, will not scruple to *instruct* the daughter of his father’s best friend—or the sister of his intimate companion, in *all* he knows; but on the mention of his own sister being so treated, probably his *honour* will be roused, and he will think himself included in the infamy and disgrace which the *prejudices* of the world yet throw upon want of delicacy or virtue in the female character. But, *Do as you would be done by*, was no part of his education.—I am, &c.

E. C.

BELZEBUB.

LETTER

L E T T E R VII.

"Reason panders will."

SHAKESPEARE.

S I R,

April 17. 1786.

SOME few years since, the young people used to have philosophical disputes among themselves about the *foundation of morality*—the *origin of evil*—*fit* and *unfit*—*right* and *wrong*—*the good of society*, &c. But the WISE OBSERVERS of the present day take the liberty of saying, that the youth now follow the *wrong* without any *dispute*—nay, and that *too*, long before they know what is *right*. Upon this head, however, I will argue, for the sake of my young friends, with any of your moral philosophers. What they call *wrong*, I positively aver to be *right*; and I hope I may be allowed to be the *oldest disputant* whatever, upon the subject of the *origin of evil*, and *right* and *wrong*, if that gives any claim of respect to opinion. Human life, Sir, is too short for metaphysical disputes and enquiries; and my young friends are *right* to follow their own inclinations, without giving themselves the trouble of thinking about what is *fit*, or what is *wrong*. But even without my assistance, if any of my young friends should be attacked by these fastidious moralists, they can defend themselves by *unanswerable argument*. For instance, upon the subject with which I concluded my last letter.

ter. There is nothing more common than to hear *youth of modern honour and fashion* use this argument for female seduction.

WHY, such a plan, no doubt, would have been disgraceful and infamous, to have attempted upon a woman of *rank and fashion*!—but to an ordinary girl, and below one's own rank, Lord! where's the harm? Suppose now one of your men of principle should take up this argument against a gay young fellow, it would probably go on in this manner, and in the end you'll find the philosopher will be silenced.

Philosopher. All mankind, Sir, are equal in the sight of the Almighty! and the rights of none can be infringed without guilt. What you call people of *rank and fashion*, I suppose, are those of an equal rank with yourself, or rising above that rank; and people of ordinary condition are below your own rank.

Gentleman. You are right, Sir, as to the distinction of rank; but I deny that all men are equal.—I consider those below me as born to be subservient to me; and I think there is no harm in seducing a girl that is not entitled to expect me for a husband. If she allows liberties in such expectation, she is a fool; If she keeps her own secret, and manages well, she has a chance of getting a husband suitable to her.

Philosopher

Philosopher. All rank, Sir, is adventitious: It might have been mine as well as your's. Go back but a little way, and you will find all our predecessors were savages and barbarians. Accident raised one, and depressed another. The high to-day may be low to-morrow, while those in a humble sphere may rise to opulence and honours; and can mere accidental circumstances vary the *nature* and *obligations* of man? The higher his station, the more duties he has to perform; and will the Almighty! before whom all mankind are less than nothing, listen to the plea of rank, as a palliation of a crime? According to human reason and justice, it is an aggravation.—But taking your own argument—You say, you do no injury by seduction when the female is of an inferior rank; and it is only an injury when she is of equal or superior station;—that, by adding deceit and falsehood to criminality, she may pass well enough for the bosom friend and the domestic comfort of a man of her own rank. Be it so: Then surely every rank superior to your own do no injury in seducing or debauching your sister, and in all probability exposing her to shame and infamy; or, if not, she is good enough for a wife to one of her own station.

Gentleman. Hold, Sir—Start not such an idea—By Heavens! were any man, be his station what it would, to offer the smallest indelicacy or indignity to my sister, I would put him to death without scruple,

scruple, were I to be sacrificed for it the next moment.—No more of this, Sir, I pray.

Philosopher. You are justly warm, and right, Sir. But, on cool reflection, you must see that every inferior rank to you have as good a right to punish people in your station, as you have those above you. Believe me, “*Do as you would be done by*” must be the rule of action in every station and situation of life, if we would do right. It is with you as with too many in the world: The *head* is employed in finding an excuse for the *inclination*, without examining the propriety or justice of the action.

Gentleman. You distract me, Sir—Go to HELL with your arguments.

THIS, as I hinted, is an *unanswerable argument*, and the philosopher is silenced. This retort *very properly* closes many a debate, and disputants can go to *no place* where they will be made more welcome; but your men of principle, I have always found, are very shy of coming to

BELZEBUB.

E. C.

LETTER

L E T T E R VIII.

I looked through my casement, and discerned among the youth, a young man *void of understanding*, passing through the street. In the twilight there met him a woman in the *attire* of a harlot, and *subtile* of heart. She was *loud* and *stubborn*,—*her feet abode not in her house*. Now she was *without*, now in the *street*, and lay in wait at every corner. With an *impudent* face she said, "Come, I have peace-offerings with me."—But her house is the way to
 HERE!

SOLOMON.

SUCH were the observations, and such the reflection of one of my most ancient and inveterate enemies, on looking one evening from his window; and by people of *absurd* taste it is reckoned a very fine description even at this day. But, after all, he saw but *one* among the many so employed; which shows that *my interest* was then rather at a low ebb. Times, however, are greatly *mended*; had the author lived now a-days, he probably would have thought that his window had been glazed with *multiplying glasses*, or disbelieved his own eyes, especially if it happened to be *Sunday evening* when he made his observation.

IF it was from the *attire*—the being *subtile* or *cunning*—the *gadding about the streets*, and never *resting at home*—the *impudent*, or *undismayed countenance*—the *loud talking* or *obstinacy*, that he took the woman for a harlot, he probably would (according to *his notions*) have had but an indifferent opinion of many

ny of the modern females at first sight. But these appearances I may possibly come to defend, for the sake of my female friends, in some future letter.

HE does not mention the age of the youth he observed; but as, till of late, *boys* were *boys* till eighteen and upwards, it is presumeable, that, in these earlier days, his *singular* young man was at least above the age of majority at the time of the observation. Had he lived now a-days, however, he might have seen whole groups of *little fellows* at thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age, answering the description of his YOUNG MAN, even in this cold climate; and often led on by those who, although they cannot indeed be said to be *youths*, may yet be allowed to be *void of understanding!*

IT is matter of pleasing astonishment to me to observe the success of my plans respecting *education* and *manners* of late years; and I must say, that my *emissaries* have been very attentive and assiduous. These plans I may some day more fully open, when my interest has acquired a proper degree of strength; and when I see people of all denominations determinately going to HELL as fast as they can. In the mean time, I wish to avoid bold and violent *stretches* in vice, for these strike even the dullest and most lukewarm enemies; but I would rather steal gently on, step by step, without alarming, till I get a proper footing.

“ Ex glande altissima quercus.”

H h

Some,

Some, indeed, of what are called *The Discerning*, detect my schemes, and perceive the consequences to society; but these are few in number, and only lament in secret. They mark the beginning of the disease, and would wish to apply an immediate remedy; but they have no power or influence; and, as my poison glides in by a soft and slow progress, people become accustomed to the disorder, and think nothing is wrong till the whole mass is corrupted. I was somewhat apprehensive I had gone on too rapidly by provoking a ROYAL PROCLAMATION * against me, but it has been feebly enforced, or rather not enforced at all. Few people knew any thing about it. The great disregarded it, my friends among all ranks sneered at it, as they very properly do at every thing serious,—and magistrates could not be at the trouble to attend to it.

IN the latter part of the above quotation from OLD SOLOMON, he wishes to throw a very ungentleman-like reflection against the place of my abode. My friends, however, must disregard such *snarlers*. I can boast of a *warm fire-side*, and they may trust, that they will meet with very *genteel* company, and that all my visitors will be treated with equal hospitality, and without my *wearying* of their presence, which they must allow has too often been *the case with them* in their landlords houses during their short stay upon earth,

VICE

* His Majesty's proclamation against vice and immorality, in June 1787.

VICE has always something sweet and alluring in it, at the time ; and, to make people pleased with the present, and disregarding of the future, is my great system of politics. When restraints of conscience and decency of manners are neglected or despised by the great, then *freedom* and *pleasure* or (to speak in common language), *licentiousness* will quickly spread among the people. It is said, that the high and the low ranks stand most in need of religion, to keep them what is called correct in conduct ; but I am glad to see, that, by these *two* classes, religion is most neglected. Hence the violent pursuit of what is called *pleasure*, in the first, and the prevailing *fierceness of manners and crimes*, in the latter. I must, indeed, allow that I am most indebted to the great ; and, but for *their* aid and example, the lower classes might become moral, honest, gentle, and fearful of offending.

IN the motto from Solomon, he also strikes at one of the greatest sources I possess of acquiring new subjects to my kingdom ; but while there is a plentiful circulation of obscene books and prints ;—no restraint from police to the immense number of prostitutes which infest the streets of every great town ;—and a freedom of manners that spurns at religion and common decency, encouraged by licentious plays and newspapers, I do not despair of always having a rich crop on the ground.

I HAVE always said, that TOO MUCH LIBERTY AND LUXURY would make Britain my own.

YOUR

YOUR reasoning people argue thus upon this subject:—The births of males and females in the human race are nearly equal; hence, say they, the marriage of one man with one woman is the obvious intention of Providence. That an abandoned woman, or a *harlot*, is therefore a human being lost to society,—that she forfeits every hope of domestic comfort and usefulness,—and the intention of her existence is perverted by the unlawful passion of man. But she is not only lost to society and herself, but she becomes a dangerous nuisance, by being the cause of the corruption and the loss of others who might have been useful. Besides, she leads youth from the path of integrity and duty. From industry and sobriety she plunges them into idleness, expence, dissipation, and crimes, which often terminate in the gibbet. Witness the confessions of the numerous malefactors at the fatal tree!

BETTER then, say these WISE ONES, if such an evil is unavoidable in corrupt society, to devote a few, and keep them separate, than allow general destruction, by permitting the streets to be crouded with the abandoned, so that neither male nor female of any age can pass without importunity to vice, insult, or robbery, at every step*. Vice soon spreads its baneful influence from individuals to families—from families to cities—
from

* The police of the city of Newcastle upon Tyne is said to be better attended to in this particular than any of its size and population in Britain; and there are consequently few crimes. Prostitutes infesting the streets there are immediately taken up and confined, and effectually banished.

from cities to the empire—and an empire corrupted is an empire lost.

I MUST allow that there is something plausible in these arguments; but, fortunately for my interest, men are guided more by *passion* than *reason*, and Government is above paying attention to the MANNERS of the people, although upon them depend the security of the state.—I am much offended at the late institution of Sunday schools, and must exert myself to defeat the purposes of this innovation. The young I consider as my peculiar charge; and it is long since I said,

Farewell fear—
Farewell remorse :—All good to me is lost.
Evil be thou my good.

AND such a way of thinking, is my wish for all mankind.

This subject has led me to too great a length.—In my next, I shall conclude these letters with a short sketch of my pupil, as a member of society, when directions are unnecessary, the character being formed.

I am, &c.

BELZEBUB.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

—————A favourite brood appears;
 In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
 Views all her charms reflected—all her cares
 In full repayed.

HUMAN nature, corrupt as I have endeavoured to make it, seldom reaches to any high degree of depravity all at once. It often requires the favouring circumstances of *bad* example, and *bad* companions, to bring it to what I wish to have it.

HE who never thinks, say the sages, never can be wise; and hence, they alledge, that so few are to be found who have made a just estimate of human life, or of the proper enjoyments of time. My doctrine is diametrically opposite to this. I ardently wish *not to think* myself either on the past or the future. In this particular precept of *not thinking*, I must own my young friends act with a most exemplary and commendable perseverance. Thinking, foresight, and the weighing the import of actions, destroys present enjoyment, and there will be room enough for thinking in another world than this, which will afford ample scope both for thinking and regret.

THESE reputed sages say, that, by *not thinking*, we often see the dignity of MAN lost in the debasement
 of

of the BRUTE. The intellectual powers of man, which, if properly cultivated, are fitted to raise human nature to a near alliance with superior beings, are sunk in the mere sensual pursuits of animal life; nay, that the mental faculties are frequently only employed in devising means of abusing the animal instincts which nature has bestowed upon man, so that he is often seen in a more humiliating situation than even the *brute creation*.

THESE wise people also represent, that

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those whose joys, are joys
Of sense.——

On lighten'd minds that bask in Virtue's beams
Nothing hangs tedious.——
Each rising morning sees them higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents,
To worth maturing.——

While Nature's circle, like a chariot wheel,
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing virtue, in a line to bliss:
VIRTUE, which Christian motives best inspire!
And BLISS, which Christian schemes alone ensure!

IT is strange what different views people will take of a subject. I feel no pleasure from *such prospects*, nor any that I love will encourage them.

DOES not every man feel himself master of his own existence, and why should he not enjoy it as best pleases

ses himself? Why should people be troubled with considering what may be the intention of Providence, the good of society, or future prospects of bliss, when they have their own inclinations to please here?—Manners are now changed, and the age is too much enlightened to attend to any thing but self-indulgence, and the *show* of life. Happiness now consists in persuading the world that you are *happy* and void of reflection, by attending to *external appearance* and *fashion*. Some squeamish people, indeed, will have spasms of mind at times, very unpleasant, I must own, as I have *experienced*; but these will go off by perseverance in the line I recommend. The disease seldom takes deep root.—The aiming at higher degrees of moral perfection infects few minds.

IN conformity with my system, it is not now so much the object of education with parents to make their children good, worthy, and amiable, as to make them *fashionable* and *showy*. It is quite unfashionable to form the heart and manners, by instilling principles of probity, humanity, gentleness, candour, and the train of manly and amiable virtues. Those who are early trained in the principles of religion and morality, confirmed by good example, seldom come to me. I have sometimes hopes of them, but, upon the whole, they do not wander wide. That disagreeable thing called CONSCIENCE always brings them about to what *I think* they should despise. If these *opposition* principles (as I call them) are neglected till the age of fourteen, in general all is well for me. The smattering of Latin
and

and French they may receive at school can do them no harm. The knowledge of the heathen mythology, and the amours of the deities, are very amusing; and this is very properly the only system of religion with which many young men enter into life. The system of the New Testament, and the principles of Christianity, spoil young people for my purpose.

I know it is the plan of some parents to watch the opening dawn of the mind, when novelty like the rising sun gilds every object with delight, and when dazzling appearances allure to dangerous distances from the right road; when inexperience foresees not the dark clouds that are arising from afar, to obscure the prospect, and to bewilder the stranger. It is at this period that these parents instil principles of religion, and of moral conduct, which the tempests of life shall not shake, nor the attacks of temptation overpower. But, fortunately for my interest, the number of such parents are few, and they are daily decreasing as the opposite system prevails.

Could parents indeed look into the volume of futurity, how would they be shocked to see the misconduct and crimes of their children, to have originated in the neglect of education and good example? How would the most inconsiderate parents tremble to hear the reflections against them in after life, for follies not corrected, propensities not checked in youth?—But such thoughts would mar the pleasures and fashion of life, and parents are *very properly* too much

occupied with the present, to take concern about the future.

A youth educated upon my system, which is now the prevailing one, comes into life ignorant and unprincipled. He talks of honour, but breaks through every fetter and moral obligation that obstructs the career of sensuality, self-indulgence, or vanity. The vegetative and animal part of his nature is duly attended to; but the rational, intellectual, and spiritual, it is irksome to cultivate, and puts a restraint on animal indulgences. He can talk fluently of horses, dogs, guns, bottles, bumpers, and wenches; but if, at any time, he is unhappily situated with people of sense, and the conversation takes a more important turn, he is suddenly seized as if with a *locked jaw*, perhaps falls asleep, and has no resource but to repair to the tavern, the brothel, or the gaming table, in order to join some riotous crew of my *fine fellows*.

“ And when night
 “ Darkens the streets, then wander forth the song
 “ Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.”

With such companions he associates. Similar vices, and similar ignorance, it is said, is the principle of their association, and hence their attachment is without benevolence—their familiarity without friendship.—But they are pleased, and so am I. A snarling enemy of mine seeing a group of these young fellows together one day, said, *it was astonishing by what a variety of* HIEROGLYPHICS *Nature had contrived to express Folly!*

But,

But, as they have no mental resources, why should they not pursue folly, rendered fashionable by so many brilliant examples, and the only pursuits for which their tastes are fitted? Heavy hours, no doubt, they do experience, and I am plagued to death with contriving vicious amusements for so many of them; and yet many come to me from *tedium vite* before their time of doing mischief is over.

This office of mine often induces me to think, that the fatigue and vexations of the laborious are not half so much to be pitied as the stare of the languid, or the vacant look and yawn of the idle. But idleness, as the proverb says, is my saddled horse, and I avail myself of it. Sunday is a wearisome day to my friends, for the laws of the country still give countenance to its observance. However, on Sunday I do more real business among all ranks than on all the other days of the week. Whenever I bring the mind to lose reverence for the duties of that day, I reckon it a prize; and I hope soon to see the fourth law in the Decalogue in complete disuse.

As long as health and strength continue, I can contrive amusement for my friends pretty well. I do not say they are useful to the state, to society, or to themselves; but, while the delirium of pleasure and fashion continues, they feel no uneasiness, except sometimes when they awake in the dark, or are seized with a fit of sickness: But, in the decline of life, I am sadly plagued with them. A vacant mind, with no fund
of

of consolation—the retrospect of a misspent life, and a disrelish of folly, makes them peevish and capricious to all around them, and insupportable to themselves. It is then they have forebodings, and a foretaste of horrors which I cannot alleviate, but by drowning care with inebriety. It is then the force of the sentiment of the poet meets them,

“ I clasp’d the phantoms, and I found them air.

“ O had I weigh’d them ere my fond embrace,

“ What darts of agony had miss’d my heart !”

They feel pungent regret on hearing a modern author say, “ Every year of a wise man’s life should be a censure on the past.” The boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the CHRISTIAN all. They wish indeed to have life to begin anew ; for, as sons, husbands, fathers, men, they have been miserably mistaken ; but it is too late, and they die either stupidly insensible, or torn with remorse for their misconduct ; but they are welcome-ly received into the arms of

BELZEBUB.

To

TO MR *****.

SIR,

Oct. 15.

IF the many vices which degrade your character leave you doubtful of what may be the cause of this letter, know that the purpose of it is to give you notice of the death of Miss —, whom you basely betrayed, and abandoned to dishonour.

This night she lies in a grave, a monument of your infamy, and an example of that pride which allows not its possessor to *live in shame*!—Of her many miseries you were the wretched cause—In her deep and poignant contrition may you ere long be her equal.

Ambitious, as you at present are, Sir, of fashionable profligacy, you were not always so. In your boyish years, I remember, you bade fair for goodness and wisdom: Personal accomplishments seemed to embellish mental attainments; but the influence of bad company, upon a latent vicious disposition, changed your conduct, and in a short time established your character.

When I review the arts which you practised to accomplish the ruin of that beautiful unfortunate, who has just left the world, I know not whether to be most indignant against your profligacy, or the deep dissimulation which marked every step of your conduct. In
reputation

reputation and station, you knew her family to be equal to your own. You knew that this daughter's education was the chief pleasure of her parents declining days. Her mind was carefully instructed in every worthy sentiment; and it was a pleasing reflection to fond parents, that her early conduct spoke her to be amiable, ingenuous, and sensible.

There is unhappily in female youth a period when sensibility of soul makes them susceptible of impression, and when experience only can guide, and teach them what is right. Her few years made her ignorant of that experience, and unsuspicious parents saw not your invidious designs. It was this period you chose for your villainy. You interposed ere the laws of right and wrong, and the nice boundaries of virtue and prudence, were established. You laid your plans with subtlety, and concealed them with hypocrisy.

Was there never a time when your heart checked you? Could neither youth, beauty, nor innocence find a momentary friend in your thoughts? Did you never dread the resentment of her friends, and the contempt of the world? Were your dishonourable vices only permanent, and your good resolutions transitory?—Your conduct has shewn that they were.—To feel “another's woe,” was no lesson of yours. Your object was the gratification of lawless passion, and you chose to forget that your duty was to restrain passion by reason, character, humanity, and conscience.

You

You knew that this daughter was the only one of a numerous family. She was the sole comfort of her aged parents ; and the anxious solicitude for her happiness, to them made life desirable. The horrors of their situation are not to be described ; and, in all probability, before this reaches you, they are incapable of reproach for your baseness.

Think on this mournful calamity, and let it lead you to penitence and amendment.—Pensive moments will come to make you wretched—The days of seeming prosperity will wear to an end—A cloud of misery hangs over your head, to darken the gloomy days of remorse ; and, when those come, you will be *the first* to pronounce that you are unfit to live—and *the last* to think that you are ready to die.

C. C.

S I R,

Nov. 30. 1789.

AT an early period of life I settled on a paternal farm, and have seldom made excursions beyond my own parish. My independence, small as it is, has procured me the appellation of Esquire from some who wish to flatter my vanity, and raise ideas of my own consequence ; a title (by the way) which nothing, in these days of taxation, but a strict attention to the duties of a farmer, and domestic economy, could have enabled me to support so long. I
say

say this for the sake of some of my neighbours, who seem to think attention and economy not at all necessary for one who has the appellation of a Gentleman.—I wish they may attend to this friendly hint, before they are *unskired* for ever, or if they should continue to be called Gentlemen, it will only be in jest. The pride of a *quondam* gentleman reduced to poverty by his extravagance and vices, and claiming importance from his plea of blood, is of all vanities the most silly and contemptible. It is generally received by the world with a sneer,

Even the lineal representative of the proud blood of Umfreville, we were informed, expired a few days ago in a poor's-house*. What a lesson of humility to the weak assuming pride of man!

We are all the mere dependent craving creditors of Nature, and were she to deny the supplies of vegetation to this globe even for one year, the whole race of men and animals would be extirpated.—He who raises one blade of grass where none grew before, is of more use to mankind than all the gay sons and daughters of folly.

But to be profligate and dissipated, I perceive, is by many considered as a mark to distinguish them as fashionable gentlemen.

Sequestered from the gay and fashionable scenes of the world, it is not to be wondered at, that I should
be

* Edinburgh Evening Courant, Nov. 1789.

be ignorant of those forms of behaviour, and modes of expression, which prevail in the circles to which I have been so long a stranger.

I was called to town on express business about the time of your last races. In many companies I heard of *noble fellows*, and *d—n'd clever fellows*, terms which excited my curiosity, but when I came into company with them, I found in general they were either—abandoned rakes—infidel witlings—or what in the country we should call professed blackguards.

Honest souls I found to be those animals who consider *drinking* as the great end of their existence.

A fine preacher, one who deals in luminous words, but who says nothing to instruct the serious, or reclaim the unthinking.

A good man, in the military, political, mercantile, and moral sense of the words, was totally different, and many were called good men, without any title to the moral sense of the term.

A man of fashion I had always considered as a pattern of dignity of manners, and propriety of conduct.—But no such thing. It means one who squanders his time and money in frippery, folly, and absurdity; who frequents the tavern, and playhouse when the play is near done; who changes the dress of his hair,

K k

and

and the shape of his coat, every week, as versatile fashion varies.

A man that has no soul, I found to be one who observes the laws of God—is temperate, just, and attentive to the useful employment of time.

A man that has a soul—one who gallops in the career of vice, folly, and extravagance of every kind—who has no principle of action but sensuality—no pursuit but self-indulgence and vanity.

To live in stile, is to carry every fashionable folly to the extreme ;—to *sport* a fine carriage, with footmen dressed like Harlequins ;—to be busily idle in the pursuit of show, dress, the luxury of the table, and public and private amusements ;—in short, to be as unthinking and irrational as possible—to get into debt—and at last to die like a dog.

Now, Sir, as that is not my stile, I am hurrying as fast as possible to the country, where words and characters retain their original meaning. I go to attend to the affairs of my farm and my family ; to converse at leisure hours with some select friends, among whom I reckon the worthy clergyman of my parish. To them my house is always open, and in such society I envy not the gay fashionable life of your splendid city.

There

*There, from ways of men lay'd safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar.
There, blest'd with health, with folly unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.*

I am, &c.

PETER PEASCOD of Thorny Bracs.

Edin. Nov. 30. 1789.

S I R,

Edin. May 24. 1790.

A FEW evenings ago I happened to sup at a friend's house, where the conversation turned upon duelling, a subject which has much ingrossed the attention for some time past*.—In the course of the conversation, a gentleman gave an account of a very extraordinary duel, which happened a few years since, and which, as it exhibited a curious contrast of character in the parties concerned, I think should be given to the public.—I shall give it you as nearly as I can recollect it.—I am, &c,

VERIDICUS.

* The fatal duel between Mr Macrae and Sir George Ramsay had taken place a little time before.

CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN WILDAIR had been early introduced into life—had been in Germany in the former war, had witnessed some alarms on the coast of France, and visited the West Indies in his military capacity. Nature had formed him tall and robust, and to these natural endowments, he thought his profession required of him to look fierce, and to talk as a man of matchless intrepidity; and he was happily furnished with an uncommon share of assurance and arrogance for supporting the character which he wished to assume.—When he met with persons of gentleness and modesty, he never failed to treat them with petulance, or insolent contempt. He was specious in conversation; and though he had read little, and thought less, yet he passed in mixed company as a man of more than ordinary talents.

He possessed a considerable share of address, and no man talked in higher terms of his sense of honour, and the principles of a gentleman; but his mind was a stranger to the ties of moral obligation, and his heart to the feelings of humanity and benevolence.—To be a proficient in fashionable vices—to pay tavern bills and game debts (when he could not help it), with a seeming indifference, were with him the essential qualifications of a gentleman.—His system of *savoir vivre* was like that of Lord Chesterfield, to pass a counter for sterling money, or to appear what he was not, to serve his own purposes. He was fond of cards, but had frequent occasions to make apologies for mistakes, though it is not known that his hand was ever pinned

pinned to the table. His athletic appearance, and the renown of his gallantries, it is said, did more in promoting his pecuniary interest than his military services had done for his promotion in the army. He could talk of fighting duels, with as much unconcern as people generally talk of playing at draughts or backgammon.

In the zenith of his *bonne fortune* in London, he kept—or rather a carriage was kept for him.—He availed himself of his situation, and appeared at all the fashionable clubs at the west end of the town. He happened one day to dine with a party at the British Coffeehouse, where a Mr Manly, lately arrived from Jamaica, was present.

Unlike the climate he had left, there was no violent heat in the temperature of Mr Manly's mind. It was all mildness and gentleness, and he possessed an uncommon share of the "milk of human kindness." He never had recourse to deception in his intercourse with mankind, and his politeness flowed from the genuine dictates of a benevolent heart. He considered that the merit of actions depended on the motives which prompted them; and he believed every man honest till he found him a knave. He was the very kind of man the Captain liked to trample on, and he failed not to do it.—After dinner, much attention was paid to Mr Manly, and many enquiries made concerning Jamaica. The Captain found himself not of that importance which he wished to be held
in

in, and with a *pardon me, Sir*, I have been in Jamaica as well as you, he told Mr Manly, what he said was not so. This was received with great good nature; but in the course of the enquiries by the company, the Captain contradicted Mr Manly on every point, and at last gave him the lie direct.

Impudence and violence will often brow-beat modesty and worth, whose only shelter on such occasions is in silence or retirement. Mr Manly sunk silent and confounded. The Captain crested and triumphed—talked loud, and looked consequential. The company, uneasy at what had passed, changed the conversation; and when they were closely engaged, Mr Manly took occasion to whisper in the Captain's ear, that he would call on him early the next morning. The Captain gave a slight bow of affected politeness, and the general conversation went on. The Captain continued the hero of the afternoon—fought over his battles and his duels—boasted of the many fine girls he had seduced, and the arts he had used to cheat unsuspecting parents, &c. &c. till the hour of the Opera arrived, and his carriage was announced. He soon after rose from table to put on his sword, which stood in the corner; and approaching the company, he drew it from the scabbard.—“There, says he, Gentlemen, is a bit of the best tempered steel in Europe.—With that sword I have fought nine duels, and each time it was through the body of my antagonist.” He cast a side glance at Mr Manly, whose eyes were fixed on the ground; and

and then, with an air of affected indifference, wished the company good night. The waiters, who had heard of his killing nine people in duels, bustled with uncommon activity to make way for the Captain, while he d—n'd them for lazy inattentive scoundrels.

Mr Manly failed not to call upon Captain Wild-air early the next morning, with his pistols in his pocket. As he approached the house, he perceived a footman eyeing him from a side window.—After repeated knocking, the door was opened, and Mr Manly demanded to speak immediately with Captain Wild-air. The footman answered, that his master could not be disturbed at so early an hour; that he had been late out at a card party, and it was more than his place was worth to call the Captain at that time. Mr Manly replied, that he must then call the Captain himself,—his business was express, and would admit of no delay. He was then shown into a parlour by the footman, muttering. He had taken many turns through the room, when he heard the Captain's voice from the first floor, calling to his servant below to inform the gentleman that he would be with him presently, and if there were no books in the parlour, to go to the library and fetch some for the gentleman's amusement. This induced Mr Manly to look at some books which lay on the chimney-piece. The first he opened was a new bound copy of *Sherlock on Death*. He laid it down, and took the next, which was a *Prayer Book*, with a mark at
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the Funeral Service. Not relishing these books, which had been provided for his amusement, he tried a third. It was Ranby on Gun-Shot Wounds;—and the only remaining one being looked into, it proved to be Collier on the Unlawfulness of Duelling. Not wishing to indulge himself in such speculations, he pursued his own thoughts. In somewhat more than half an hour the Captain entered, in his night gown and slippers, with a pair of pistols in his hand. With a slight bow, and fashionable nonchalance, he said:—Your servant, Sir;—you see I understand the purport of your call (laying the pistols on the table).—There they are, Sir, hair trigger'd, made by Wogden, under my own directions, and surer things never were snapped. Sir, said Mr Manly, you have rightly interpreted my call; it is to demand satisfaction for your insolent treatment of me yesterday. O! my dear Sir, replied the Captain (buttoning the knee of his breeches), don't disturb yourself, you shall have it.—Here, John, bring me the new cast balls, the glazed powder, and other materials I use upon such occasions.—Pray, Mr Manly, may I ask you how many affairs of honour you have had in your life? Sir, replied Mr Manly, I know not what *you* call honour. I think it dishonourable to insult or injure any man, and where no such thing is meant, a man of honour will with candour acknowledge the mistake; but your behaviour was that of marked and continued insolence, and it obliges me to call out a person, for the first time in my life.—These matters are as gentlemen may feel, said the Captain.—And so
this

this is the first time you have tried [the field, Mr Manly ! Believe me, when you have been there as often as I have, you'll think nothing of it, Sir. At this time John arrived with the new cast balls, glazed powder, and some pieces of greased linen cloth.—There, says the Captain, applying one of the balls to the muzzle of Wogden's pistol, you see, Sir, there can be no windage here,—it is this makes fire-arms certain.—Do you know, Sir, I can hit the ace of clubs five times in fix with these little fellows, in any manner of charging ; and I never knew this powder once misgive in my life.

Mr Manly urged their departure.—The Captain told John he should breakfast at the Coffeehouse—would be home to dress at five, and would want the carriage at Lord B——'s at three next morning. He then left the house, humming the tune of *The British Grenadiers*, and they took a hackney coach to Hyde Park. As they drove along the streets, the Captain remarked on the wonderful improvements of late years —The opening to the Green Park was beautiful, and the distant view of Westminster Abbey was sublime !

When they entered Hyde Park, the Captain asked Mr Manly what distance he chose to fight at ? He was answered,—At the usual distance.—What, twelve paces ! exclaimed the Captain—No, Sir, I am more of a man of honour than to take such an advantage—Distance to me, with these hair-trigger'd pistols, is of little consequence ; but it is a material affair for you—

first time of your being on the field, and with such arms—We shall fire at three paces, Sir, and then you may have some chance—My honour tells me it is my duty to propose this; for, at twelve paces, I could pick a button from your waistcoat, or touch any rib of your side—but, with *your* inexperience and arms, I should be in perfect safety. Let it be three, or don't fight, Mr Manly—I may afterwards be blamed for not giving a fair chance, as I am well known in the field of honour.

When they reached the ground, they found two gentlemen awaiting them, who had been of the company the day before. The Captain insisted on fighting at three paces, from the motive of fairness and honour.—Mr Manly in a firm tone, desired he would take his distance at twelve paces, as had been decided.—The Captain then stepped off twelve paces, and said he would show him how impracticable it was to touch him; and, turning round *en militaire*, he said, Mr Manly, are you resolved to go on with this business?—Certainly, Sir, replied Mr Manly,—keep your ground, and let it be decided instantly.

The Captain inclining his head to one side, and affecting a smile, threw away his hair-trigger'd pistol, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed, God forbid that I should raise my arm against so noble a fellow!—Then, walking quickly up to Mr Manly, he said, Sir, I have tried your courage, and have found you a man of honour.—What is this to the purpose,
said

said Mr Manly,—who is he that doubted it? Sir, if you mean not to resume your pistol and your ground, you must beg pardon of me in the company before whom you gave the offence.—Yes, Sir, before the whole world, answered the Captain, rather than injure such a man as you are! I will tell them what a man I have found, and how much I esteem him.

Sir, said Mr Manly, I now perceive your train of artifice, and I despise it. I have no desire to hurt any man, or to hazard the life even of one who does not deserve the name. Learn to act from principles becoming a man, and attempt not to gain reputation by appearing what you are not. Injure not the rights of others, nor encroach on that civility which is due to every person, who does not offend against the laws of virtue and good breeding. He only is a gentleman who acts from motives of probity and good will to mankind; and the man who does so, will never have occasion to fight a duel. Remember your engagement, and I will not hurt your feelings, by mentioning the consequences of a failure.

Captain Wildair met the company at the appointed time, acknowledged his fault, and begged pardon of Mr Manly. The conversation that day took a very different turn from that of the former meeting. The Captain did not entertain them with any more accounts of his duels, or exploits of his gallantry. He was humble, attentive, and polite, while he remained, but sought an early opportunity of retiring on particular

cular business, and never again joined that company.

S I R

Edinburgh,

IT is often no less useful than entertaining to collect facts which might otherwise pass unnoticed, and to present them to observation in one connected view. Such a plan may frequently lead to research and investigation, which scattered facts faintly remembered would not have suggested. Some years ago we had a curious collection of facts respecting the progress of society, trade, and manners in Edinburgh from 1763 to 1783; and might not a collection of facts be also made from time to time, respecting the physical world as well as the moral and political?

It is obvious that this globe which we inhabit has undergone great and astonishing revolutions. It is certain that the land we now occupy has once been covered by the sea, for the highest mountains are replete with marine productions.

That many of the rocks and mountains which we see, must have been occasioned by subterraneous fire, no person can doubt. For instance, the basaltic columns of the Giants causeway, the island of Staffa,
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the rocks at the harbour of Dunbar, the hills of Arthur's Seat and Craiglockhart*, and many others, too tedious to mention. These are only named as being more immediately under observation.

Nothing can account for the regular form which these rocks have taken, but their being produced by fire, and this is supported by experiment. It has lately been found that when similar substances are brought into fusion, and allowed to cool gradually, they assume the same regular shape as these columns of rock. Some time ago, a furnace of flint glass having been by accident allowed to cool, the matter was found to have taken the form of basaltic columns.

The great processes of nature, and the tremendous changes that have taken place in this globe, we have but very little knowledge of, owing to the remote antiquity of the events, or the short period and imperfection of our records.

We now know of volcanos as far to the North and South Poles as land has been discovered; and through the intervening latitudes from pole to pole. It would hence appear, that there is a great body of active fire within the bowels of this earth; and we know the effects of it often appear at immense distances, and that it acts in a manner which cannot, or has not yet

* These hills are in the close neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

yet been accounted for. Volcanos, we also know, have disappeared in one place, and have burst out in another; and that every part of the globe is subject to such convulsions of Nature.

The northern part of this island of Britain has not within the record of history been subject to any remarkable physical change or revolution, although it is evident that such changes and revolutions have happened in it. The following recent facts, however, may not perhaps be thought unworthy of remark, and a few facts are of more value than a thousand hypotheses.

In 1782, at the time of the dreadful earthquakes in Calabria, the Mercury in the barometer in Scotland sunk within a tenth of an inch of the bottom of the scale; the waters in many of the lochs or lakes in the Highlands were much agitated.

In 1783—There was an immense volcanic eruption in the northern island of Iceland, which began on the 10th of June, and continued till the middle of August. A new island was thrown up in the neighbouring sea, and again disappeared.

Several months previous to this eruption, a heavy dark bluish sulphureous fog had been observed to rest over the island when not dissipated by the wind; this fog, at times, was spread all over Europe. The year before this eruption, and a few months before the earthquakes

earthquakes in Calabria, the influenza (a disorder hitherto unaccounted for) spread through Europe. This volcanic eruption in Iceland is perhaps the most remarkable yet recorded in history. One stream of burning lava extended 40 miles in length, and 16 in breadth, and was in some places between 4 and 500 feet deep!*

Upon the 18th of August 1783—A remarkable meteor or ball of fire was seen to pass from north to south, about half past eight in the evening. This meteor was seen all over Britain, and in many places upon the continent of Europe. This phenomenon happened much about the time of the termination of the volcanic eruption in Iceland, and it is remarkable, that this meteor was first seen to the north-west of the Shetland and Orkney islands, in the quarter of Iceland.

Upon the 12th of September 1784—A very extraordinary phenomenon was observed at Loch Tay. The air was perfectly calm, not a breath of wind stirring. About nine o'clock in the morning, the water at the east end of the loch ebbed about 300 feet, and left the channel dry. It gradually accumulated and rolled on about 300 feet farther to the westward, when it met a similar wave rolling in a contrary direction. When these waves met, they rose to a perpendicular height of five or six feet, producing a white foam upon the

* The account of this eruption is, since the above was printed, recorded in the Philosophical Transactions of Edinburgh.

the top. The water then took a lateral direction southward, rushing to the shore, and rising upon it four feet beyond the highest water mark. It then returned, and continued to ebb and flow every seven minutes for two hours, the waves gradually diminishing every time they reached the shore, until the whole was quiescent. During the whole of that week, at a later hour in the morning, there was the same appearance, but not with such violence.

Upon the 11th of March 1785—The Tiviot, a large river in the south of Scotland, suddenly disappeared, and left the channel dry for two hours, and then flowed with its usual fulness.

Upon the 16th of June 1786—A smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Whitehaven, in Cumberland, which extended to the Isle of Man and Dublin, and was also felt in the south-west parts of Scotland.

Upon the 11th of August 1786—A very alarming shock of an earthquake was felt about two o'clock in the morning, in the north of England, viz. Northumberland, Cumberland, and in Scotland, across the island, as far north as Argyleshire, and in all these places at the same instant of time. This shock extended above 150 miles from south to north, and 100 miles from east to west.

Whatever

What an immense power it must have been to have produced such an effect!

Upon the 6th of January 1787—A smart shock of an earthquake was felt in the parishes of Campsie and Strathblane, ten miles north of Glasgow, about ten o'clock in the morning. A rivulet which turns the mills became dry in several places. A rushing noise was heard to precede the shock from the south-east. The night preceding this earthquake, a piece of ground near Alloa, on which a mill was built, suddenly sunk a foot and a half.

Upon the 26th of January, the river Clyde, above Lanark, became almost dry for two hours, so as to stop the mills; and again flowed as usual.

Upon the 25th of January 1787—The river Tiviot again became suddenly dry, and continued so for four hours, and then flowed with its usual fulness.

In 1787—The months of January and February were uncommonly mild; the thermometer at Edinburgh being in general about 20 degrees higher than usual at that season.

Upon the 12th of February 1787—The mercury in the barometer at Edinburgh was nearly as low as at the time of the earthquakes in Calabria.

On the 8th of July 1788—The sea at Dunbar suddenly receded eighteen inches.

On the 13th July 1788—An earthquake was felt at the Isle of Man.

In September 1789—There was a violent earthquake in Iceland*.

On Thursday the 5th of November 1789, between five and six in the evening, a smart shock of an earthquake was felt at Crieff, at Comrie, and for many miles round that district, which is about fifty miles from Edinburgh.—At Major Robertson's house of Lawers, a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, had been heard at intervals for two months; and at the time of the shock, a noise like the discharge of distant artillery was distinctly heard. Mess. D——s and B——ce of Edinburgh were standing before the fire in the drawing-room, and they described the shock, as if a great mallet had suddenly struck the foundation of the house with violence.—At the village of Comrie, the inhabitants left their houses, and ran to the open fields.

On the 11th of November, in the forenoon, in the same place, another shock was felt, and more violent than that of the 5th. It was accompanied with a

* See Letter from Copenhagen, Oct. 6. 1789, published in the newspapers about the end of October.

hollow rumbling noise. The ice on a piece of water near the house of Lawers was shivered to atoms*.

Extract of a letter from Florence, Oct. 2. 1789.

“ We have received the melancholy intelligence, that, on the 30th of September, at three quarters after eleven o'clock in the morning, a violent shock of an earthquake was felt in the town of Borgo San Sepolcro, which lasted two minutes. The cathedral was partly destroyed, and some churches, with many houses and palaces, entirely so. In a village five miles from Borgo San Sepolcro, the earth opened and swallowed up above thirty houses, with all their inhabitants; and the remainder of that village, consisting of above 150 houses, was totally destroyed: The earth there opened in many different places, and a great quantity of cattle have perished, besides above 1000 persons †.”

It is very extraordinary that on the same day, viz. the 30th of September, near three o'clock in the afternoon, two or three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt at the house of Parsons Green, within a mile of Edinburgh. The house is situated on the north side of the hill called Arthur's Seat, which is composed of an immense mass of blue granite.—Several visitors were in the house to dine with the family, and the whole company ran down stairs from

* See the Edinburgh papers of the above date.

† London Chronicle, Oct. 17. 1789.

the drawing-room, and they met the servants from the kitchen, in the lobby, equally alarmed at what had happened. They described the sensation as if the house had received two or three violent blows in the foundation, so that all the furniture shook.

On Friday the 4th of December 1789, the ship Brothers, Capt. Stewart, arrived at Leith from Archangel, who reported that on the coast of Lapland and Norway he sailed many leagues through immense quantities of dead haddocks floating on the surface of the sea. He spoke several English ships, who reported the same fact.—It is certain that haddock, which was the fish in the greatest abundance in the Edinburgh market, has been scarcely seen there these two years *.

I do not mean at present to draw any hypothesis or theory from what I have stated above, but merely to bring facts into one general view, and to induce others to make observations of the same kind. The knowledge of facts is the only foundation of true philosophy. I am, &c.

THEOPHRASTUS.

* In February 1790, three haddocks were brought to market, which from their scarcity sold for 7s. 6d.

PROLOGUE *spoken by Mr Digges, the night, Houstoun Stewart Nicolson, Esq. first appeared on the Edinburgh Theatre. He performed the character of Richard III. for the purpose of building a Bridge over the river Carron.*

ERE the dread curtain rise that brings in fight
The bold adventurous Quixote of the night,
May I, an humble veteran, appear,
Just to announce our generous Volunteer?

Oft has his genius cried—"Let Fear recede,
By soft-ey'd Pity's melting look; proceed:
Though Custom mourn her violated laws,
Yet still your purpose must protect your cause:
Let not your young blood freeze with dire despair,
But cover well with wig your bristling hair!"

From Carron's winding banks he comes! the stream
Flows bright recorded by dramatic fame:
Raptur'd he hopes this liberal night may save
Some future Douglas from the swelling wave,

But I detain your wishes as they rise,
And the keen glance darts quick from Beauty's eyes:
I go, accuse me not of partial dealing,
If I for *Bridges** have a fellow feeling.

* The North Bridge of Edinburgh, the principal communication to the Playhouse, was at this time supposed to be in danger of falling.

*On seeing a Captain of Fencibles quit the head of his
Company, and go into a Hackney-coach.*

BONDUCA rush'd naked of old to the war,
And swept down wholeranks with the scythes of her car;
Our moderns, alas! are not quite so robust,
But shrink from the sun, and the wind, and the dust,
And, firmly resolv'd to sleep sound as a roach,
Quit the old British car for John Hay's hackney coach.

Let fair Scotia hence learn a defence more becoming,
Discharge all her men, trust to fencible women:
What warrior so brave can resist their alarms?
What heart but must tremble when press'd by their
arms?

*To the Author of the Essay on Nothing, who was remark-
ably thin and slender.*

TO discern where the force of their genius lies,
Often puzzles the witty, and sometimes the wise;
Your discernment in this, all true critics must find,
Since the *subject* so well suits *your body and mind*.

To a Gentleman who complained of having lost his Gold Watch.

FRET not, my friend, or peevish say
Your fate is worse than common ;
For *Gold* takes wings and flies away,
And *Time* will stay for no man.

Logan's Poems, when first published, were most extravagantly praised in the newspapers by some of his friends, and particularly *The Ode to Women*, which occasioned the following criticism.

To the Printer of the Edinburgh Evening Courant.

SIR,

I WAS induced by an *excellent* criticism from a *Stirling-shire* correspondent, in your paper lately, to purchase the poems he so warmly recommends.—This critic justly condemns puffing paragraphs; but when you meet with a piece of genuine manly criticism, *such* as your correspondent's, it indeed merits attention, and should be given to the public.—He does not deal in *general applause* (and as for censure there

there was no room for it), but he judiciously points out the pieces which are to be admired, and pronounces the whole to be "*irresistible to every person in whom the world has left any remains of natural sentiments.*"—It is evident that this critic writes impartially, and meant not to make a puff to increase the sale of the book; for he does not so much as expect that the Ladies will look at it in the play week, but desires them only to carry it to the country, to peruse *at leisure*, and this indeed it will require to discover its beauties. I was too impatient to wait this period, and, in spite of the charms of the *admirable* performers at the Theatre, I staid at home one evening to feast on these *delightful* poems. I wished your correspondent had been more minute, and had marked the peculiar and striking beauties as he went along. I find myself irresistibly led to do this, which is a proof that I *yet retain some remains of natural sentiments*; and, by your indulgence, Sir, I would wish to have them better known; and who knows but I may have the future assistance of your Stirlingshire critic to bring forward beauties which *I may overlook*, as well as help me to explain difficulties which I *cannot solve*.

The Ode to the Cuckow is so well known to every person who has seen poor Michael Bruce's poems, long since published, that it would be tiresome to make any remarks on it here.—I hastened with avidity to the *Ode to Women*, with which your critic is so justly enamoured, and found it indeed an *unrivalled* performance.

performance. There is great knowledge of the female character, delicacy, and taste, discovered in that poem, and at the same time no contemptible acquaintance with the art of war. Some beauties of these kinds I shall endeavour to point out, which may not perhaps have been observed. The poem begins thus:—

Ye Virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With *mighty rage* of conquest fir'd
And universal sway;

I was at a loss, at first, Mr Printer, to guess what class of virgins was here addressed. We know that all virgins are fond to be admired, but my difficulty arose from the *mighty rage*. We have often heard of antiquated virgins being fired with *mighty rage*, at not being admired, and of their abusing the men as insensible brutes; but I never before heard of young virgins making *mighty rage* an engine of attraction to increase their admirers: Yet the lines that follow clearly prove that it is the young class that is addressed.

Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond inviting eye
On all the circle gay.

It is clear, from these lines, that they must be young buxom dames, or what the French term *en bon point*, who heave the uncovered *bosom high*; for the antiquated virgins have it not in their power to appear so plump, unless they use the art of Swift's Corinna.—The only way to solve this difficulty then is, to attribute the picture to modern manners. In my young days, Mr Printer, the gentle winning graces were the

N n

female

female artillery used : but, indeed, there is a lamentable change in female manners ; for the young damsels now-a-days—*are fired with mighty rage,—and heave th' uncover'd bosom high.*—The poet proceeds,

You miss the *fine* and secret art
To win the *castle* of the heart,
For which you all contend.

Fine is here used, I suppose, for the French word *fineffe*. The allusion of the heart to a castle is beautiful. It is meant here the inner strong hold ; for the author, like an able general, leaves not the outer passages unguarded.—In the fourth stanza, we meet with these lines :

You marshal, brilliant from the *box*,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, *castled locks*,
Your magazine of arms.

Here we have them in battle array, with all their modern artillery. Nothing could be happier than the phrase *castled locks* ; for it describes, in a short and striking manner, the modern female head-dress*. It is not said *towering locks*, for that gives only an idea of height ; and though applicable in that respect, yet the height is not lost by using the word *castled*, which conveys to the mind the idea both of strength and height.—And are not the Ladies locks now-a-days the exact models of Carronades (the late invented guns), ranged tier over tier, as if to defend to the last extremity the demi-lunar battery of the *high bosom*?—

* It was the fashion at this time for the Ladies to have rows of large, round, stiff curls, on each side of the face.

The picture, indeed, might have been more complete, had the author gone a little higher, and taken notice of the cushion and hair-pins, which have so apt a resemblance to an *abattis* and *chevaux-de-frize* :

Sed omnia non possumus omnes.—

It is hard to say what sort of *box* is meant, from which they *marshal* with all their magazine of arms. There are many sorts of boxes made use of by Ladies; and from which of them they appear most like a *centinel*, I must allow every one to interpret for himself.

In place of,

Fans, feathers, diamonds, casled locks,

perhaps it would have been more natural to have said,

Fans, feathers, patches, hats, and cloaks,

as they were going out marshalled; for diamonds are rather a rare commodity.

The author proceeds,

But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whisp'ring hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.—

This is the ambuscade—And surely, if a sequestered walk, a whispering hour, and tender talk, can give genuine charms, no poor lads need want them.

The poem goes on—

The *nymph-like* robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the *native* of the face,
Refinement without art.—

What

What sort of a robe this is, called *the nymph-like robe*, I do not know; but no doubt the mantua-makers are well acquainted with it, and I hope to see all our sweet creatures dressed in it, as it seems to be of so much importance.—Then

The smile, *the native* of the face—

Does it not strike one, that there are many other natives of the face besides *the smile*, and that there are many faces where the smile is not a native? One would imagine, from this line, that the face was like an uninhabited island, where *the smile* had been thrown by accident, and was the only survivor.—God knows, I have seen many a face where *the smile* was an utter stranger, and yet not for want of *natives*.—After enumerating many other beauties with which females should be attired, the author sums up the whole with useful reflections from what had been said:

Your beauties these,—with these you shine,
And reign *on high*, by right divine,
The sov'reigns of the world.—

Here the divine right of sovereigns is clearly established!—their absolute, hereditary, indefeasible right;—and there remains with me but one difficulty, viz. how they come to reign *on high*?—If it had been thus,

And reign by *height*, and right divine,

I would have understood it to have meant the unparalleled height of the Ladies heads, by which they claim and hold their *superiority*: But when they are said to “reign *on high*,” a phrase only to be found in
the

the psalms of David King of Israel, when surely the women knew nothing about the cushion and hair-pins, and consequently can have no reference to their tops, I confess myself totally at a loss to explain the passage.—I hope your *Stirlingshire* friend will lend his assistance here, as he seems to understand and relish so highly *every thing* in the volume.

The next lines are,

Then to your court the nations flow,
The Muse with flow'rs the path will grow
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.—

You'll observe, after they are sovereigns of the world, they very properly hold a court, as all sovereigns do. It is also to be observed, that there are several sovereigns in this same court, making as it were a female oligarchy.—This is a species of government we have never known below, without rebellion and pulling of caps; and therefore it appears sensible in the author to place it *on high*, or out of reach. Now, to this court all the nations are to *flow*. A pretty numerous company it must needs be allowed, and the Ladies of the court will have their heartsful of visitors.—While the nations are *flowing*, the muse is to strew flowers on that part of the road where Venus's car, or cart, is to be *hurled*; but which of the nine is to officiate that day as flower-girl, we are not told.

The idea of Venus's car *hurling* is perfectly suited to this country. An Englishman cannot relish the intrinsic beauty of this line,

Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

By

By the word *hurl* an Englishman understands to *throw violently*; and he would think that *Madam Venus* had met with a dreadful overturn in her car, and that *the Muse* had been making a bed to save her fall.—But no such thing; for here we have a native Scots idea, and a more natural one too, of *the hurling* of a coal cart over a rough causeway, a familiar enough occurrence about this place. Some people may allege, that hurling a cart is an office ill suited to tender turtle doves, which are said to draw Venus's car; but may we not suppose them (by *licentia poetica*) strong able-bodied pigeons, and endowed with supernatural powers, to enable them to *hurl any car* over the roughest road in the country. But instead of *hurling* to court, we find in the next stanza but one, this same car among the stars, *sliding soft from the circlet of her star!*

Soft from the circlet of her star
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

There, indeed, the pigeons will be more in their element, and may fly with their car, if the Goddess had interest enough to get the *power of gravity* suspended. This would certainly suit them better than *hurling* it.

In short, the whole assemblage, it must be allowed, is an excellent picture of a *burly-burly*, and indeed draws a peculiar beauty from that very circumstance.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit,—risum teneatis amici?

I am afraid, Sir, I have now encroached too much
on

on your good nature, but the public have been so repeatedly called upon to take notice of the *uncommon merit* of these Poems, and of this *Ode to Women* in particular, that I could not withhold my mite of admiration. Did your limits allow, I could point out many more striking beauties in this Ode, and others of the collection. I am much obliged to your *Stirling shire* friend for having forced me to buy the book by his *impartial and candid* account of it; and I will venture to say that no book whatever evinces more clearly, that, in poetry, good taste is inseparable from good sense.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PETER PARAGRAPH.

*On Mr Henderson's manner of playing the Character of
Hamlet.*

MR HENDERSON made his first appearance on the Edinburgh theatre in August 1784, in the character of Hamlet. This gentleman is undoubtedly one of the most correct actors on the stage. His deportment is easy and unaffected; his voice, when not carried too high, pleasing and comprehensive; and his action is the result of good sense, taste, and a perfect knowledge of his author. To speak comparatively, Digges's figure was better, and his voice per-
haps

haps more mellow and powerful; but Digges played with little judgment, was very deficient in taste, and often had no conception of what he spoke.—In judgment and taste Mr Henderson is eminent. He understands perfectly the character he plays, and never fails to give the just meaning of his author; and this, in so difficult and various a character as Hamlet, required the powers of a master. He avoids that unnatural violence and rant which is so often used in the part, and which seldom fails to attract the attention of the vulgar, but it is certainly more characteristic of the blustering player, than the Prince of Denmark. From what we have seen, we are of opinion that the admirers of Shakespeare, who wish to understand perfectly their favourite author, should attend Mr Henderson; in his mouth no passage seems perplexed, and he is a comment at once pleasing and instructive.

No character of our great poet has so much exercised the skill of critics as that of Hamlet, or been found more difficult to explain. Mr Henderson's manner of playing it, which we will say was the most pleasing and intelligible we ever beheld, strongly proved the justness of the criticism given in the Mirror, No. 99. and 100. The author of that criticism says, the basis of Hamlet's character seems to be an extreme sensibility of mind, apt to be strongly impressed by its situation, and overpowered by the feelings which that situation excites. The gaiety, however, and playfulness of deportment and conversation, which

which Hamlet sometimes assumes, seems contradictory to the general tone of melancholy in the character. But that sort of melancholy, which is the most genuine as well as the most amiable of any, arising neither from sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, will often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even anguish of a broken heart.

The melancholy man feels in himself a sort of double person; one which looks not forth into the world, nor takes concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, without feeling any degradation from indulging in a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

This is unquestionably the key to the character of Hamlet, and such Mr Henderson exhibited it in a wonderfully correct manner. Perhaps he was sometimes too rapid, and, in one or two instances, where pause and reflection were material, he hurried too much.

In many points he played the character in a new and an original manner, and showed that he had studied the part with great exactness. In the celebrated soliloquy, the advice to the players, and the grave diggers scene, we will venture to say he rivalled Garrick, to

O o

whom,

whom, in many parts, and in the tones of his voice, he bore a very striking resemblance.

He wanted support in the other characters of the play. The best actor cannot singly support a play, and the manager should be at pains to procure good performers, and to cast the characters so as to give a decent support. But, as Hamlet says,—“Oh there be players, that neither having the accent, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen had made men, and not made them well—they imitated humanity so abominably.”

FOR THE EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT.

SIR,

Edinburgh, Feb. 1. 1786.

AT this season, when there is little to do in the country, I took my wife’s advice to pass a few days in the town. The first amusement I thought of was the Playhouse; and accordingly I directed my steps to it on Saturday, not without having almost broken my neck in your new *improved* street, as it is called. When I got seated in the back row of a box, I found the play was to be Sheridan’s Duenna. The company were genteel, the house clean, neat, and well lighted,

lighted, and the scenery very good.—Next as to the performers and conduct of the piece. I mean to say nothing of the absurdity of operas in general; custom has given them sanction, and we must see them. The performers were strangers to me; but I will tell you what struck me with regard to them. The lady who played the Duenna was most extravagantly dressed, and through the whole part was *outré*, and exhibited the burlesque more suited for St Bartholomew's Fair than for a genteel audience, and was altogether inconsistent with the character. In her first dress, she looked more like a Squaw Indian who had escaped from the scalping knife, than a Duenna of Spain.

Another lady * played a double part, viz. that of Don Carlos, and Donna Clara; a violation of propriety which nothing but necessity can excuse. This in some measure might be the case, as in the part of Don Carlos there are three fine songs, and I understood from the gentleman who sat next to me that the lady was reckoned the principal finger on this stage. Upon this information I bent all my attention to her. The appearance in Don Carlos, to be sure, was ludicrous enough—a little short figure in an old masquerade domino—with a bushel of curls on the head which would not allow the hat to go on, so that it lay like a bottle bonnet on a bull's forehead. However, this I easily got over, expecting to be amply rewarded by the fine singing. When Don Carlos came

* Mrs Iliff.

to sing "Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd," to the tune of *Will you go to Flanders*, I heard a hale, clear, powerful voice, but the tune no more like what it should have been than the variations of Duncan Gray are to Tweed Side. It is a general fault of great performers, to aim at astonishing the audience by the power of their execution, rather than to please by simplicity. The whole scale of notes is tortured and rumbled about, with sudden starts, high squeaks, long dying shakes, and sudden falls, and all this to shew their powers, without either taste or composition. By this means they often get out of tune, lose sight of the subject, embarrass themselves, and distress the audience. Had the lady kept to the simple melody, with a few chaste graces, she would have performed well, for she has a fine voice, with great compass and command. Her second song, "For sure a pair was never seen," was well sung, by keeping simply to the tune.—The lady who played Donna Louisa (Mrs Kemble, I think, was her name) was extremely pleasing in her part. She acted with elegance, simplicity, and ease. Her voice is sweet and melodious, though not powerful; and she sung with taste.—Upon the whole, I was very tolerably amused, and shall attend the theatre every evening I can during my stay in town.

I cannot conclude without observing how much matters are changed since I was a young fellow, and used to attend theatrical representations. A parcel of beardless, witless boys, from what I saw last night, seem

seem to assume to themselves the privilege of being dictators of public taste. They applauded by loud clapping of hands, where they ought to have been silent; and the galleries, always ready to join in an uproar, followed the example, while the company in the pit and boxes stared with astonishment and pity. Young people at their age, in my time, were modest and diffident.—The impudence of some of the school-boys, with their lank hair over their shoulders, to me, was marvellous indeed!—Several of them, with great effrontery, put on the broad cock of their hats before, and boldly marched up to the side boxes, where the poor wretched creatures, the girls of the town (as I was told) were sitting, with a mother bawd at their head, like the mistress of a boarding-school. The young misses below looking up to the young masters, their dancing-school companions, and gigling at the frolic.

Had one of my sons done so, I would have whipped him severely, or sent him to the sea as a never-do-well.

As my friends in the country read your paper, your inserting this will save me a good deal of writing.—
I am, &c.

JOHN PEPPERCORN.

IT is difficult to account for the versatility of manners and fashions in a country.—The weekly dancing assemblies, for many years, were the most fashionable and crowded resorts of elegant and polite company.—They suddenly became deserted; which gave occasion to the following paper.

FOR THE EDINBURGH EVENING COURANT.

SIR,

THE rapid decline of dancing in this country, and particularly in the capital, seems a matter of such serious moment to all admirers of the fair sex, that I hope a few observations on the subject, together with a hint tending to a means of reviving a spirit for this elegant art, will prove neither wholly useless nor impertinent. The fact will hardly be disputed: It is too well known, that not above three or four assemblies have been attended this winter; and of private balls we can, alas! enumerate only two. All hopes are now over. The week of preaching, which generally terminates the amusements of this place, is past, and we must now look upon the season as irretrievably closed. Not a marriage, hardly a flirtation has adorned it; bosoms of snow have heaved, and brightest eyes have rolled unheeded.—Never indeed have the ladies been more cruelly mortified. So negligent were the men, that one evening the ladies were driven to the sad resource of footing it with one another.

ther. Persons of a saturnine disposition found ample food for their spleen on this occasion; it appeared in their eyes a heinous offence, a violation of propriety, and an outrage against decency. It is notorious that the men have for several years been perversely obstinate in refusing to dance; even the *limbs* of the law decline the *cause*, and we no longer hear of an Advocates ball. It is evident, unless some *steps* are speedily taken, the art itself must be lost among us. The Minuet with its beautiful movement, the cheerful Country-dance, the joyous Jigg, the riotous Reel, the boisterous Bumpkin, the sprightly Strathspey, and the courtly Cotillion, will soon fall into everlasting oblivion. We seem scarcely sensible of what we are about to lose: In few situations does a fine woman appear to more advantage than when dancing. The whole person thrown into the most elegant and engaging attitudes is surely a most alluring spectacle; add to this, the complexion glowing with exercise, and the countenance enlivened with smiles and cheerfulness. This matter bears peculiarly hard upon my fair countrywomen, as they are hereby prevented from displaying attractions which nature has lavishly bestowed upon them. Perhaps in the fine texture of skin, and the brightness of bloom, the English ladies may equal ours; but I aver, that in neatness of ancle, and prettiness of foot, the Scots women reign unrivalled. Sensible of these charms, whatever taste could invent, or art execute, has been employed in the decoration of the shoe. It has been stretched in the tambour, and has glittered with spangles and embroidery;

broidery; every combination of colours has been used that could please or allure the eye; but all in vain; the men have continued motionless, and one would have imagined that a hereditary gout, or an universal sprained ankle had overspread the land. Long has it been the object of my thoughts to restore things to their ancient *footing*, and to bring the light fantastic toe once more into fashion. I have at last, after much reflection, hit upon an expedient which wears a flattering appearance of success. Desperate diseases, as some persons profound in speculation have remarked, require desperate cures. My cure is indeed a desperate one. My fair tender-hearted readers will, I fear, shudder with horror at the thoughts of it; in one word, I mean to effectuate my designs by *poison*. The *Tarantula* is a spider with eight legs, found in certain districts of Italy, whose bite has generally been reckoned mortal, unless proper assistance is procured. The only efficacious remedies yet found out are music and dancing. At certain notes the patient finds himself seized with an irresistible desire of skipping, leaping, and tumbling about with all his might; this brings on a profuse perspiration, highly useful in throwing off the virulence of the poison: However, it has been found impossible to expell it altogether, and a person once bit must be obliged to dance at intervals to the end of his days. My scheme is, I fancy, by this time pretty palpable: Let a number of public-spirited ladies join in a subscription, for the importation of live *Tarantulas* into Scotland

land next summer *. Our winter has been rigorously cold; our ensuing summer will, I hope, be proportionably hot, in which case the bite of the Tarantula will have its usual effects, the poison will begin to work by winter, and I don't despair of seeing a couple of assemblies and three or four balls every week during the season: These meetings have always been reckoned as the great mart for marriage; there beauty appears in all its graces and perfections; many a partner for a night has turned out a partner for life. Happy, most happy shall I consider myself, if my endeavours conduce to restore these receptacles of useful amusement to their former splendor. Some people, I know, will sneer at this project, and affirm with a silly play upon words, that the whole is a bite; but I scorn their malice, I am serious, and as long as I can wield a pen, or wag a foot, I devote myself to the Fair.—I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PETER PASPY.

* One would now imagine that the importation of the *Tarantulas* had actually taken place. For though the Assembly Rooms are deserted (except on the Master of Ceremonies night), yet private balls, tavern dances, and oyster cellar gambols, have never been more frequent, or kept up to later hours.

To the PRINTER of the EDINBURGH EVENING
COURANT.

I HAVE a wife, Sir, who has contracted a *habit* much more pernicious to me than the habit of swearing, which you took notice of in your last paper; I mean the *habit of reading and writing*. Let me tell you, Sir, frankly, that for all my aversion to snuff and tobacco, I had rather see her with a pipe and box than a book. From morning to night she sits poring over some book or other, which may be very entertaining for aught I know, as I make it a rule to look into none of them. But of what use is all this to me? If I set her down to mend my stockings, she is reading *Locke upon the Human Understanding*; and if I wish to have dinner an hour sooner than usual, she will not stir a step if she gets into the middle of a play of Shakespeare. The house is as dirty as a poet's garret (under favour, Sir), and my children are worse clad than parish bastards. Tommy's breeches have hung about his heels all this week, owing to *the Revolution in the Low Countries*; and *Johnson's Lives* have nearly starved my youngest daughter at breast. But what is more extraordinary, she seems to read to no purpose, and with no method; for my friend *Hildebrand Huggins*, who understands such things, tells me that she reads every kind of books, on any subject whatever; breakfasts on Tillotson, dines on the

Thirty-nine

Thirty-nine Articles, drinks tea with Roderick Random, and goes to bed with Humphry Clinker. She has long had a practice of reading in bed, and while I am sleeping by her side, and dreaming of the pleasures of a *gold chain*, she is in close contest with some hero or other of romance! As this is the case, you cannot suppose she had any very violent attachment to me; and although her affections are no longer mine, it is very hard that I can have no satisfaction. I cannot challenge *Pope's Homer* for seduction, nor state damages against *Tom Jones*; and yet if a man deprive me of my wife's affections, what is it to me whether he be dead or alive? Pray, Sir, say a few *good things* on this subject; for as my wife reads your paper, who knows but your advice may have a good effect, and work well for,

S I R,

Yours to command,



GAMALIEL PICKLE.

L I N E S

Written by an Officer (on his being ordered on foreign service) to a Lady whose name was WHITING.

SURE *Whiting* is no fasting dish,
Let Priests say what they dare;
I'd rather eat *my* little fish,
Than all their Christmas fare.

So plump, so white, so clean, so free
From all that leads to strife;
Happy the man, whose lot shall be
To swim with thee through life.

But Venus, Goddess of the flood,
Does all *my* hopes deny;
And surly Mars cries—"D—n your blood,
You've *other fish to fry!*"

F I N I S.

